

MARCH 1988

A U S T R A L I A N

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PI **PLAYBOY**

Baby Doll

**THE PERTH
GAL SET TO
OUTFOX
SAMANTHA**

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**CHARLES
PERKINS**

**IS BOXING
CHAMP
MIKE TYSON
UNSTOPPABLE?**

**OH, THOSE
LUSTY BUSTY
PAGE 3 GIRLS!**

**POL POT:
PRINCE OF
DARKNESS**

**JIMMY
BARNES
I AIN'T NO
AUSSIE
SPRINGSTEEN!**



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ULTRA
MILD

NEW
MENTHOL
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your move to mild, make it Special.

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PLAYBILL

Men, step right into the March issue of *Australian Playboy*. We've got editorial hot enough to stave off early autumn chills. And if you like it hot, you'll enjoy our profile of hot-shot world boxing champ Mike Tyson. Mike tells writer **Peter Dexter** that he's the champ because he's no chump and you better believe him. The distinctive artwork is by **Brad Holland**.

Punching heads is Tyson's bag, but Aussie singer Jimmy Barnes prefers to punch out a lyric. Perth writer **Scott Howlett** bailed Barnesy up and hit him with 20 Questions.

This month's cover girl, Baby Doll, also knows how to hit the right note. She's without doubt Australia's most controversial and classiest exotic dancer, and now she hopes to release some of her songs. Baby Doll has posed for photographer **Bob Watson** and the raunchy pictorial proves she can put a lot of body into her voice.

A man who knows how to voice his opinion is Australia's best known public servant, Aboriginal leader Charles Perkins. He's spoken out about his life and troubles for our Playboy Interview and what he has to say to managing editor **Peter Olszewski** will surprise. On to politics of a different nature. Former Cambodian ruler Pol Pot led one of the most murderous regimes in history, yet few people know much about him. Just who the hell is he and how did he come to power? His grim history is investigated by author **Gail Sheehy**, and Melbourne artist **Phil Ellett** rendered the chilling artwork at Cozzolino/Ellett studios.

On to history of a humorous nature. *Apocrypha Now* is a droll report by former Melbourne gossip columnist **J.J. McRoach** of how he almost ruined the lives of several newly-weds when he tried to run an urban myth to ground. Artwork is by **Geoff Kelly**.

When the Brits let their hair down they do it in style. And when they decided to brighten up their newspapers with topless Page 3 girls they started a grand tradition that quickly spread to Australia. Now we show the photos Aussie newspapers won't dare show.

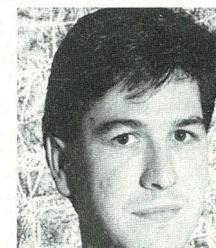
Fiction lovers will delight in our weird and way-out story, *An Ancient Affair* by writer **Aaron Abbey**. The quirky illustration is by **Kinuko Y. Craft**. But there's nothing ancient about motoring editor **Rob Luck**'s informative article about the Japanese motor show, where the cars of the future were previewed.

Ever wonder who writes the TV soaps, and why? International television writer **Ben Stein** examines the TV scriptwriting business. He explains the politics of what happens to a script from the first draft to the final on-air product. It's riveting reading, and the artwork by **Stephen Turk** is stunning.

TV fans will of course be familiar with one of America's most successful shows, *Miami Vice*. The program features a bevy of beautiful women, and this month we bring you the charms of Kari Kennell, a natural-livin' gal, who's made two cameo performances in *Miami Vice*. Photographers **Pompeo Posar** and **Steve Wayda** capture her with their lens. Our centrefold is sexy Italian-born Christina Garavaglia. If you think she looks a lot like a young Sophia Loren, you're dead right.

US feminist Shere Hite has been getting more than her fair share of publicity following the publication of her new man-hating book. But our columnist **Asa Baber** has had enough and sends her up with the hard-hitting Hype Report. Sports columnist **Phil Jarratt** looks at hype of another type, in the boxing world, leading Aussie travel writer **Susan Kurosawa** has a close look at sexy G-string bikinis in Rio, and Australia's most celebrated sex columnist, **Bettina Arndt**, reports that getting a raise at work can lead to a, er, raise in sexual performance. See your boss now.

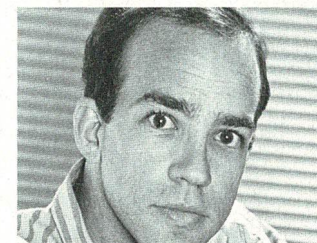
Finally, our lively new section On The Scene features some mind-boggling photos of Boy George going off his rocker yet again. So, readers, start turning the pages now and settle down to a Marchful of good reading.



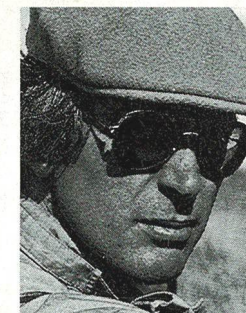
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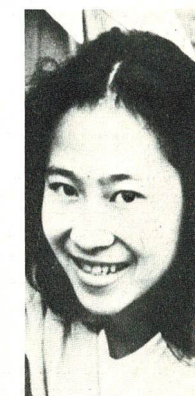
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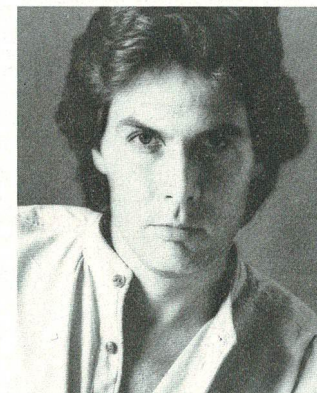
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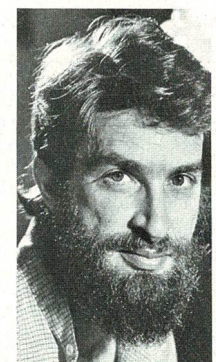
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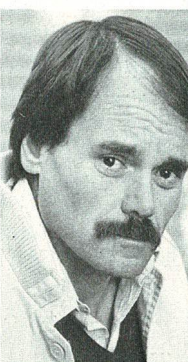
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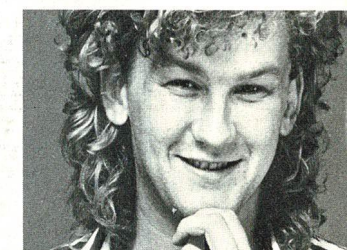
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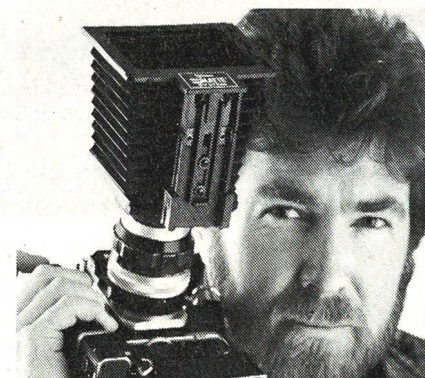
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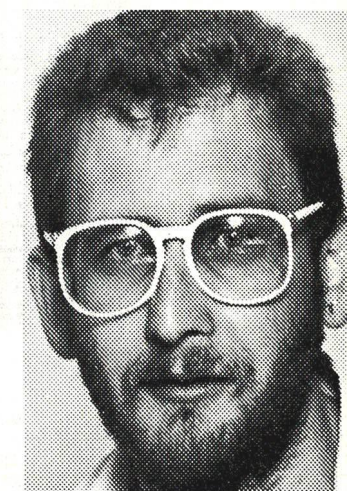
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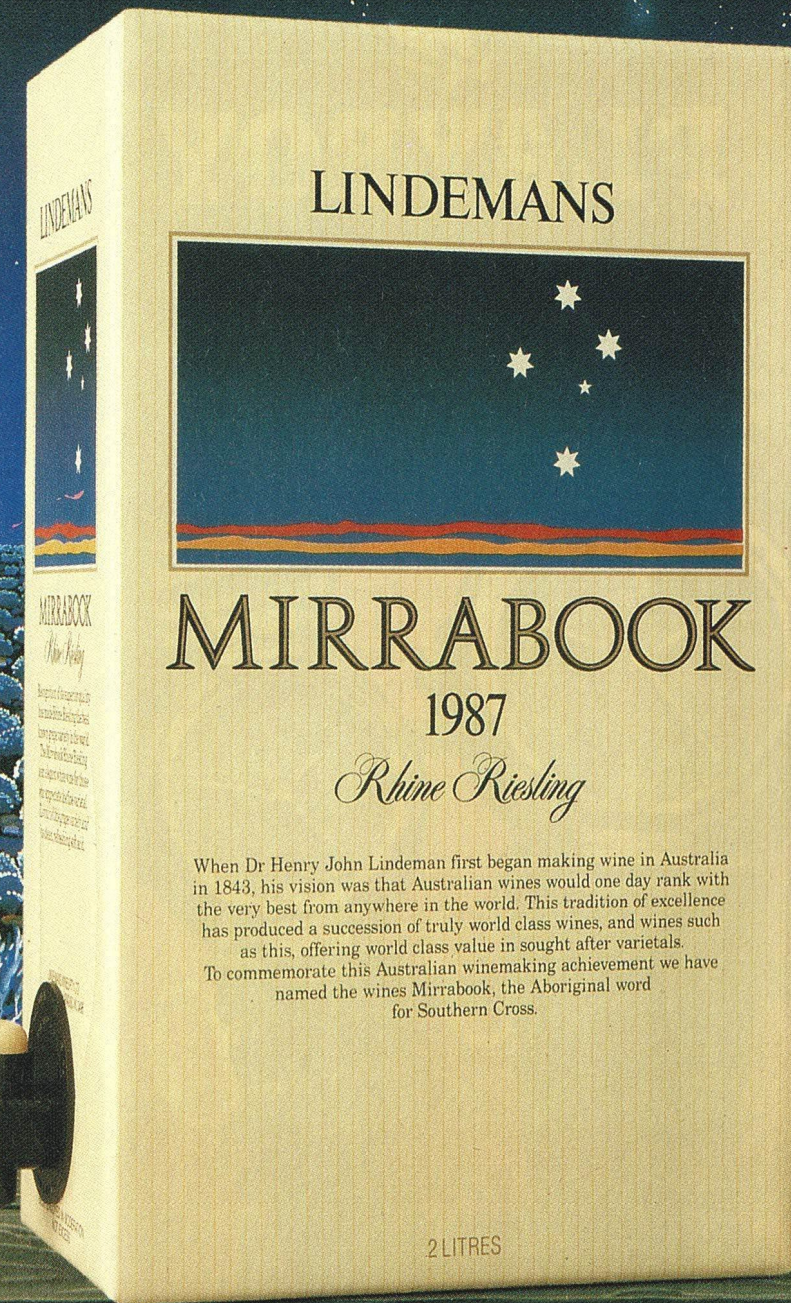


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AT LEADING JEWELLERS

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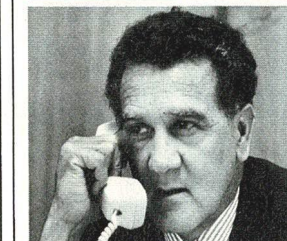
CREDITS
Baby Doll pictorial: instruments and equipment from
Brash's, lingerie from Fine Lines, leather gear from Frantic
and rubber dress from Merivale.

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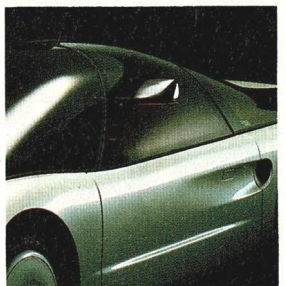


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ON THE SCENE
Our popular new
feature takes you where
it's all happening.

Beam's Choice

Just a little
extra special.



Proudly distilled from the old Beam family formula.

Dear Playboy

GETTING KNOTTED

I've been telling everyone for years that *Knot's Landing* is the best written and best acted show on television, not to mention having some of the best looking ladies. Your spectacular pictorial on Donna Mills proves my point and also shows that some women will always look more sexy by keeping their clothes on. Guys, there's more like Donna every week in *Knot's Landing*. Thank you, *Australian Playboy*.

Andrew Mercade,
Armada, Vic.

SYNGAMY THINGAMY

The Victorian Standing Review And Advisory Committee On In Vitro Fertilisation (the Waller Committee) is recommending to the Victorian Parliament that it should be legal for embryos less than 23 hours old from conception to be submitted to destructive experimentation.

The Committee's earlier position was that "an embryo is formed when a single sperm penetrates the ovum". Now they want to reduce under-23-hour-embryos to the status of "pre-embryos".

What happens at 23 hours that is so special?

Nothing really. It is the stage at which the chromosomes deriving from the two parents are lined up in the embryonic cell so that they are easy to see.

The conceptus has obviously been functioning as a dynamic, integrated entity since sperm penetration — or the chromosomes would never get to line up. This dynamic self-integration is what makes it so obvious that from sperm penetration a new organism, a new human entity, exists.

From the instant of sperm penetration to the time of death, maybe 70 or 100 years later, the life of that entity is a continuous process. To select "syngamy", 23 hours after conception, as the time when legal human rights first apply, is just as arbitrary and illogical as to select weaning, teething or the first pubertal acne spot.

If the Victorian Parliament makes the mistake of accepting that early human embryos are to have no protection from destruction by experiments, a precedent will be set. Other states and other nations will be influenced.

The whole human race will suffer loss of self respect.

Dr A. Jago,
Mildura, Vic.

OH, INDIA

I want to tell you how knocked out I am with your outstandingly beautiful January

pin-up, India Allen. I've really fallen for this woman.

I would like to ask her some questions, but nothing filthy because I'm not that kind of person. I'd like to ask her if she'll allow *Australian Playboy* to print another photo of her, and if she would allow me to take her out to dinner.

Steve S.
Goulburn, NSW.

To answer your questions, Steve. Yes, India has allowed us to print one more photo of her. And no, you cannot take her out to dinner. — Ed.

Hey, your India Allen photos in the January edition of the true-blue *Aussie Playboy* were worth the cover price alone. She's got a great body but how did she get stuck with such a bloody stupid name?

Darren M.,
Albany, WA.

India said to tell you she's not so hot on Darren as a name either. — Ed.



TAXING TIMES

I was amused to read of the measures Mr Keating is taking to tighten the noose on so-called "tax avoiders". While businessmen and restaurateurs around the country are lamenting the loss of the tax deduction lunch, and the car industry is reeling from a nosedive in company car orders, the Taxation Department is ensuring that tax avoidance remains a growth industry!

I was an inmate not so long ago at Her Majesty's Prison WACOL in Queensland. I was incarcerated for three years for fraud. I am an ex-conman, and have been doing fraud since 1976.

To show Mr Keating and the public just how vulnerable and easy the Taxation Department is to rip off, I set out to do just that. To make this more outstanding I did my rip-off from within the walls of a prison!

Despite my location I was able to obtain

10 blank group certificates by simply writing to the local Taxation Office, advising them that I was an employer of three people. Back in the mail came 10 group certificates! No questions, no statutory declaration — a graphic illustration of just how tight the procedures really are!

I am sure Mr Keating will not be surprised to learn that the Department Of Social Security accepts a group certificate (taxpayer's copy) as proof of that person's identity. I now have the means to invent 10 new identities and to claim that many different sickness or unemployment benefits from the Social Security Department. I also now have the necessary identification to open 10 false bank accounts.

So much for the Taxation Department's tightening of procedures to stamp out tax avoidance. So much for the need for the much vaunted and now non-existent AUSTRALIA CARD!

No, if a prisoner can obtain Taxation Office group certificates, then I suggest Mr Keating had better return to the drawing board!

Darrell M. Ridley,
Hackman West, SA.

GOOD GOD

The *Playboy* magazine of yours is responsible for about 70 percent of the rapes in this country. Most of the people who read these magazines can't control their sexual desires and they have to have sex, so they try to pick up a girl, and when they can't, they take her by force. And because you produce this magazine the blood is not only on their hands but on yours also.

Think about it. When Judgement Day comes you won't be able to say, "Lord, we didn't know," because the Lord will say: "What about what Malcolm Tweedale told you in 1988!"

Malcolm Tweedale,
Assemblies Of God,
Caloundra, Qld.

Thanks for the kind thoughts, Malcolm. We tend to believe repressive attitudes toward sexuality cause all the harm. But we fully understand where you're coming from and won't further offend your personal sensibilities by sending you the free *Australian Playboy* subscription. — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to *Dear Playboy*, PO Box, 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.

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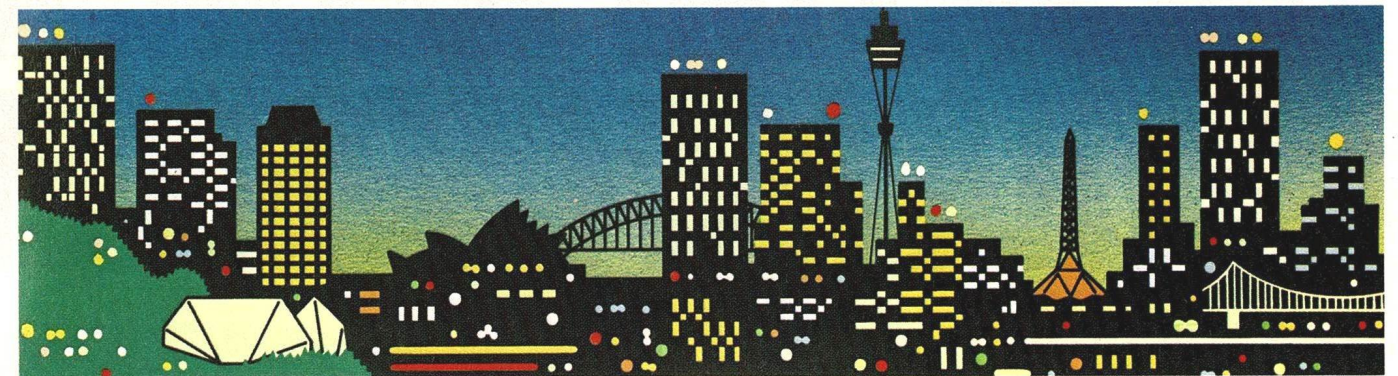
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After Hours



MORE GREAT MOMENTS IN FARTING

In the good old US of A, the land where eventually they get round to conducting learned studies on just about everything, laboratory tests have revealed that human beings expel air from their posteriors an average of 14 times a day (that includes you too, lady, so stop looking so po-faced).

We can just imagine the complicated fartmeters they must have first had to invent and then attach to the required number of arseholes to make the results statistically acceptable. Quite what they intend doing with the information we can only conjecture.

THE CASE FOR WOMEN PRIESTS

More and more we are becoming convinced that male members of the cloth manage to get themselves into scrapes despite the very best intentions. Recently we heard of the case where Mrs Marina Oriade, manageress of the Happy Times Hotel in Lagos, was obliged to defend one of her staff, Miss Lullylully Kepo, against the tactless but well-meant actions of the local vicar.

"Lullylully is a very good prostitute," said Mrs Oriade. "When the Reverend Iliya Kawyo insisted on wearing a condom, Lullylully said that as a good clean girl she was insulted and refused him. The Reverend became angry and shouted at her. So Lullylully hit him and they fought all the way down the stairs and into the street. Whereupon Lullylully's brothers chased the Reverend out of town, although he was not wearing his trousers. It will be some time before we hear from him again."

All we can say is that losing his trousers didn't shut Malcolm Fraser up. However, we can't help but feel that if there were more women priests, or indeed if all priests were women, the situation would never have arisen.

BUT WHO DID WHAT, AND TO WHOM?

From Perth we hear of the case of Norrie, a 26-year-old homosexual who planned a sex change, but who threw away his female hormone tablets when his male lover, Mark Bell, told him he preferred him as a man. The case came to light when Bruce Norrie

Watson, who now only uses his middle name, was charged with 18 counts of false pretences involving dud cheques, which Bell claimed they were cashing in order to move into a bigger flat. They were planning to marry, said Bell, but the relationship went bad when Norrie decided to continue his sex-change treatment.

However, he then claimed that when he first met Norrie in a nightclub he'd been taking female hormones himself, and that Norrie had originally suggested that they have a lesbian relationship! We can only guess at what sex each of them intended to marry under.

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD II

We know from Marlee Matlin's Oscar-winning performance in *Children Of A Lesser God* that deaf people are somewhat excitable — who can forget her signing to William Hurt to fuck off! — but her sense of occa-

sion is by no means unique. It seems that a party thrown by the British Deaf Association in Blackpool's Foxhall Square started off very well, with people dancing and chanting, but after a while one group began to attack another. In no time thousands of them were at it.

An eyewitness said that when the police arrived they tried to restore order with a loudhailer. "But this was no use, as they were insulting each other in sign language!"

PSYCHO 69

A nation that refuses to give up an empire it lost half a century ago is bound to have people who likewise hoard things they shouldn't really hold on to. Septuagenarian Betty Jeffrey nearly perfected the British art of never giving up, no matter what.

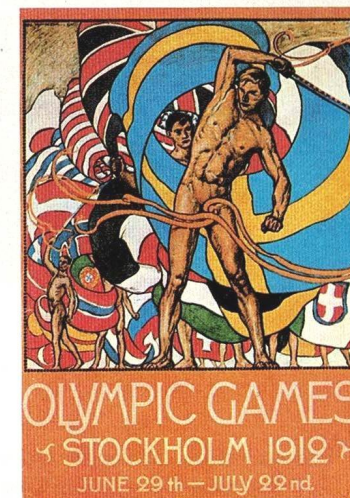
Water Board officials investigating a leak in her North London flat were somewhat surprised when they found her husband, Albert Jeffrey, sitting in an armchair, covered by a blanket. He had died three years earlier, aged 69, but Betty wasn't prepared to live by herself, so she kept him.

HAPPY LITTLE VEGEMITES

A Melbourne GP was faced with a rather unusual problem when treating a young woman for vaginal discharge — she turned out to have a Vegemite jar lodged inside her. Eventually she remembered that she had inserted it when a man she met at a party claimed it would serve as an emergency diaphragm.

The doctor said that "objets d'art" are always getting left behind — he'd even come across Coke bottles — but one of the most common is vibrators. Fortunately, these tend to pass out naturally once the batteries have run down.

We've certainly heard of Coke's reputed powers as a contraceptive (though we've always thought one took it out of the bottle first). However, the use of a Vegemite jar has distinct possibilities — the right size jar might be a useful condom, and if Vegemite turns out to be effective against the AIDS virus, the possibilities for Australia are limitless.



OLYMPIC GAYMES

Pardon us, but we always feel a bit uncomfortable with lots of naked men around. However, as the Seoul Olympics approaches, let us salute an earlier time when gay meant happy and admit those Swedes sure knew how to disguise a good dong.

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After all, the strength of our brand new cars lies in a combination of Italian styling and flair

and important on-road advancements.

Equally, you'll find that the Regata displays a features list that's become the envy of many other cars in its class.

Europe's appreciation for the new Fiat stems from a robust 1.6 litre engine that boasts both electronic injection and twin cam power.

Engineering that encourages a driver's enthusiasm, instead of extinguishing it.

As well, Fiat's devotion to front wheel drive,

the precision of rack and pinion steering and an agile all-independent suspension ensures great road-holding.

You'll discover that the new Regata demonstrates the poise and stability synonymous with legendary European handling.

The stationary appeal of the car is cleverly heightened by a striking wedge shape.

At speed, and in combination with flush-fitting windows, a distinctive new grille and

streamlined headlamps, the car is now more aerodynamic with a lower Cd factor.

This is Italian form and function at its best.

The new Regata welcomes you and your passengers with 3 cm more shoulder room, room for five adults and a quieter ride.

As standard equipment you benefit with a

performance control monitor and an autodiagnosis system to streamline the servicing.

Additional features include central locking, electric front windows, and a hi-fi system with four speakers, not two.

Going a long way to make such a fine sound system worthless to thieves, it is fitted with

a special anti-theft device.

Fiat Regata, in sedans and wagons, manual and automatic, comes with the full backing of the manufacturer.

Namely, a 2 year, 40,000km warranty. Test drive the latest from Europe's No 1 — now at your Fiat Dealer.

2 YEAR 40,000 KM WARRANTY. FIAT

Dear Bettina, Six months ago, I broke up with my girlfriend, Carol, with whom I had enjoyed a very open and satisfying sex life. However, although she didn't mind me performing oral sex on her, she refused to give me a good old-fashioned blow-job. Once, during a really hot and steamy session, I convinced her to give it a try. Just the thought of her taking my penis into her mouth gave me an erection. Even though she had no previous experience she was doing a pretty good job and I was fast approaching my climax when she suddenly leapt out of bed and disappeared to the bathroom. When she returned she refused to even mention the subject, saying she felt ill. Feeling too confused to say anything I gave her a goodnight kiss and went to sleep.

In the morning when I brought the subject up she accused me of being filthy and perverted, and when I asked her what she meant by that she replied that she was certain that I had planned to climax in her mouth all along. When I told her that I hadn't climaxed that night she called me a liar as she had felt some fluid dribbling into her mouth. I tried to explain that this was probably some preseminal fluid but she just called me a liar again and said she had been sick that night and didn't want to hear the subject raised again.

Our relationship returned to nearly normal but the subject was never mentioned again. About six months ago we split up after an argument on another subject. Since then I have stayed single and though I haven't had thousands of women I have had a few and this is when my problem appears. Everything was going great with Dianne until she went to go down on me. At first it was great but then my mind flashed back to that time with Carol. I could feel my penis begin to go soft, so I made a grab for Dianne's head and made to kiss her as some sort of excuse. Dianne never said anything, but I could tell she had noticed because she wasn't as responsive after that.

I never saw her again as I was embarrassed about what had happened. I was a bit worried but I put it down to nerves. Since then it has happened every time I go to bed with someone. I tried having sex only when I'd been drinking or smoking but this didn't help much, and in the case of too much beer it was hard getting it up at all. I was becoming very worried about this so I stopped going out too much and avoided getting involved with women. When I masturbate I always think about women giving me head. I know my problem is mainly in my mind but I don't really want to give up sex at the age of 21.

— N.G., SA.

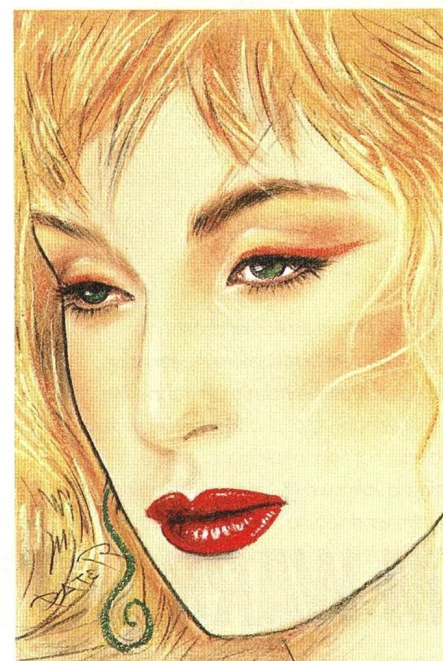
Your story illustrates how easy it is for men to talk themselves into a sexual problem by focusing on one occasion where something



Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

goes wrong and allowing that to ruin their pleasure from then on. It is obvious that Carol had quite severe anxieties about fellatio and particularly about swallowing the sperm. You were able to overcome her resistance on one occasion when she was very aroused, and she was coping pretty well until she feared you were about to ejaculate. It certainly isn't uncommon for women to have such anxieties, although usually they are somewhat less severe. Perhaps something in her upbringing led her to develop a phobia about it, but whatever the reason, she would have had no control over her response and you certainly weren't to blame for what happened.

It is also quite understandable that the experience would have made you rather nervous about being fellated and it is hardly surprising that you did have some loss of erection when you thought about Carol when you were with Dianne. Where you went wrong was to just drop Dianne after suffering the problem instead of talking to her about what you were feeling. The poor girl was probably left with all sorts of anxieties of her own after having you desert her. I suspect that rather than thinking there was something wrong with you, she may have



worried that she wasn't arousing you sufficiently and that is why you lost your erection.

And now you are following the worst possible course of action — drinking to give yourself Dutch courage (which, as you have found, only increases your erection problems), or else avoiding women and sex altogether.

Actually it may not be such a bad idea to avoid sex for a while. What you need is to establish the type of relationship with a girl which enables you to talk openly about your feelings and it is best to do this on a friendship basis first and only embark on a sexual relationship when you have established some intimacy and trust.

When the time comes to have sex, forget about oral sex for a time. Surely it is possible to find plenty of ways of making love without using fellatio. At the moment this particular activity is associated with far too much anxiety for you and it's best to avoid it until you feel really relaxed and comfortable in a sexual relationship. Then finally, when you are in the right circumstances, talk first about your experiences with the girl and then explore and see what happens. If you go ahead without telling her, you are simply placing yourself on trial and the anxiety associated with wondering whether you will fail will be enough to guarantee problems. Once it is out in the open I am sure you will eventually learn to enjoy this activity once more with the help of a sympathetic, relaxed lover. In the meantime I suggest you try not to use fellatio as your main masturbation fantasy. Each time you do this, you reinforce the powerful mixture of fear and pleasure which is causing your present problem.

One last point: as I am sure you have heard, fellatio (particularly involving swallowing the ejaculate) is one of the sexual activities regarded as most dangerous in the transmission of AIDS. I would hope that more women are realising the risks involved in fellatio with casual lovers and are staying away from this particular means of lovemaking — unless they can be totally sure of their partner's sexual history.

I am 24 years old and have been married for nearly two years to a woman who is three years older than me. For most of that time I have been frustrated because my wife hardly touches me at all and will not kiss me (particularly on the lips). We have sex about two or three times a month and when it happens it is very exciting (for me). All this is set within the context of her being my first girlfriend/lover ever (she had quite a few boyfriends before me, although she never had sexual intercourse).

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Is there anything I can do to alleviate my frustration? I am tempted to seek an intimate experience with another woman but I don't believe this would be good for anyone really in the long term.

All I yearn for is to be embraced and kissed on the lips. My wife "taught" me in this area and it is sad that she has withdrawn.

— W.M., Qld.

With a couple like you who are both so inexperienced, it can be hard to overcome this type of problem. It is easy to get locked into an unsatisfactory pattern of sexual behavior with both of you too inhibited and embarrassed to begin to talk about what is wrong. You really have given me very little idea of what could be causing her withdrawal, but perhaps that is because you really don't know.

I wonder if you have tried to find out from her why she now seems so reluctant to kiss and touch you. I gather she wasn't always like this, so something must have happened to change her attitude towards your lovemaking. Perhaps you have tried unsuccessfully to get her to talk, in which case I strongly recommend you seek out a sex therapist to help you investigate the cause of the problem. Even if you can't immediately persuade her to accompany you to see someone, I do suggest you go on your own to plan a strategy with the therapist to help unravel the problem. Your local family planning association clinic should be able to recommend an appropriate person in your area for you to see.

You should try to explain to your wife just how her lack of response affects you. Tell her what it is like to be always the one who is trying to please her and how you long for some sign that she too desires you and wants to please you. It is important she realise you are not just after more sex but rather some sign that you are loved and wanted as her lover. Often a woman will not realise just how lonely and unloved a man can feel if he faces constant sexual rejection.

In the hands of a competent therapist I am sure she could be persuaded that this is an important issue in your marriage and would be willing to work on overcoming whatever resistance she has to lovemaking at present. You are right in thinking an affair would not solve anything. You love your wife and what you need is for her to learn to show her love for you more physically.

SYBIAN SEX MACHINE

On display at most of the recent American sexology conferences has been an extraordinary little device called Sybian. The first time I saw it was at the annual meeting of the Society For The Scientific Study Of Sex in St Louis last year. There was a curious crowd gathered in the exhibition hall watching with some amazement the antics of a gyrating machine, complete with vibrating dildo, which was performing the most amazingly erotic motions. The inventor, Dave Lambert, was seeking sex therapists

interested in using the device in sex research. Despite their curiosity, he didn't seem to be arousing much interest among the staid bunch of professionals gathered for the conference.

Nevertheless the machine is now available by mail order, although an electrical adaptor would be needed in Australia. Sybian consists of a smooth, semi-circular vinyl-covered seat which is designed to be straddled by the woman. The vinyl is washable, but the manufacturers also recommend the use of a special towel complete with a hole in the centre. A range of different sized rubber dildo inserts are available for attaching to the hole located in the centre of the device. Sybian is operated by two 1/50 horsepower motors, with two controls that allow separate regulation of vibration and rotation over a wide range of speeds. The rubber dildo rotates within the vagina and is specifically designed to stimulate internal areas such as the G Spot. In addition there



is also a vibrating area on the seat designed to stimulate the clitoris and vulva. The separate controls allow the machine to provide a wide variation in possible types of stimulation, catering to all the varying female erotic needs.

It is quite a feat of engineering. Dave Lambert has been involved in 14 years of research to design and perfect this robotic penis. "This is no toy," says Lambert. "It is a breakthrough in artificial intercourse and has been thoughtfully designed to serve as a satisfying sexual substitute for women without partners, as an enhancement of sexual relations for couples and as a therapeutic aid when used by qualified sex therapists who work with pre or anorgasmic women."

Lambert says that initial reaction to the machine has been extremely favorable, with many women claiming the device has helped them learn to respond more fully. The therapeutic benefits of Sybian have yet to be

proved but there's no doubt that it must provide a most unusual thrill — and the ultimate threat to male prowess! For more information write to Sybian, Dept FM8712, PO Box 220, Seymour, IL 61875.

HERPES HELP

Herpes Help is a self-help support group that has been in existence for over two years in Brisbane. Its aim is to provide accurate information for people with herpes, and to increase community awareness of the nature of the disease and its effects on people's lives.

It is known that lifestyle factors can greatly contribute to the severity and frequency of attacks of herpes. Herpes Help encourages sufferers of the disease to focus on nutrition and stress reduction techniques, as well as providing the emotional and psychological support to help members acquire confidence in their ability to manage the condition. The group offers personal counselling, group meetings, mail order products, mailed information and social contact. Confidentiality is respected. For further information contact:

The Co-ordinator, Herpes Help,
PO Box 482,
Paddington, Qld 4064.
Phone (07) 369 9876.

SEXUAL STATISTICS

A new American magazine, *Men's Health*, recently published a fascinating collection of sexual facts and figures, gathered mainly from sexology journals. Here are some examples to see how good you are at guessing sexual statistics:

Percentage of teenage males who steal their first condom. . .	12
Percentage of college men who say they have used verbal intimidation to get a woman to have sex. . .	40
Percentage of "happily married" men who say they are uninterested in sex. . .	16
Percentage of "happily married" women who say they are uninterested in sex. . .	35
Percentage of men over 90 who have morning erections. . .	33
Average size of the non-erect humpback-whale penis. . .	3m
Average size of the non-erect human penis. . .	10cm
Longest human penis on record. . .	33cm
Percentage of couples who have sex less often since they've become parents. . .	60

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.



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To every thing there is a season. Shares were a good investment for years, but the crash unsettled a lot of people. Gold Coast real estate looks good now but a few short years ago even the best properties were hard to sell. Experienced investors expect this: business cycles are as natural as — if somewhat less regular than — the yearly change from summer to winter. The trick is to get in early, when the cycle is starting its upward climb, and to get out at the first sign of a downward trend. If you can do this, you can make money out of almost anything.

Take wine for example. The famous Bordeaux vineyard, Château Lafite, offered its 1961 stock at \$80 per case. This was a ridiculously high price for the time and many buyers balked. Today, a case of '61 Lafite can be auctioned for \$7000 or more. Château Pétrus, which is just down the road from Lafite, sold its 1964 vintage at \$130 per case. Today's price? A cool \$18,000. These prices give a whole new meaning to the term "liquid assets".

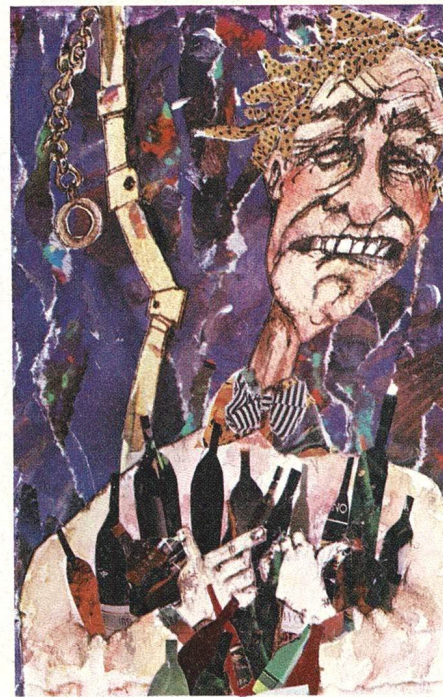
I wish I could tell you why some wines fetch such outrageous prices; alas, a lifetime of cooking claret (Château Brisbane River) has anaesthetised my palate to anything more subtle than dollar-a-litre anti-freeze. Moreover, there is little chance that I, or anyone else, will get a chance to taste a \$1000 bottle of wine. These are bought by collectors not to drink, but as investments.

The collecting of wine, or anything else, has always been something of a psychological mystery. Freud said collectors were all victims of harsh toilet training. They rebelled by refusing to co-operate — by "holding it in". Now, as adults, they continue to hoard things, refusing to give away any of their precious shit.

Whether this is true or not, I cannot say, but there is little doubt that wine collectors are great hoarders. Investors put their wine in cool cellars and leave it there, sometimes for decades. For this reason, the only wines worth investing in are those which age well — the Bordeaux reds and Sauternes and some ports.

Over the past few years, wine values have been soaring and investors are laughing. But things were not always this way. On several occasions, most recently in the mid-1970s, wine prices have taken sharp drops and small investors — especially those out for a quick killing — have been hurt. Some have sought solace in their collection, reducing their "liquidity" even further.

Of course, it's not just wine buyers who must worry about sudden falls in value.



Collectibles as an investment - the only sure thing is collecting bank-books.

the same thing can happen to any collector. Gold, silver, stamps, coins, fine art, antique furniture, vintage cars — all have made fortunes for some while proving disasters for others. Diamond buyers know this better than most.

Diamonds have always had their own naughty mystery. ("Goodness, what beautiful diamonds", says the society lady to Mae West in the film *Night After Night*. "Goodness," snorts Mae, "had nothing to do with it.") Jewel-encrusted belly dancers, high-priced escorts, international smugglers, all crave these bright, hard stones. During the inflationary 1970s, their sparkle also caught the eyes of investors looking for a hedge against double-digit inflation. Indeed, interest was so great that prices quadrupled between 1973 and 1979. By 1980, diamonds were being flogged in magazines and even by mail order. They became so popular that small investors were buying them (always a bad sign). When the crunch came, the last to get in — the hapless small investors — were the hardest hit. Between 1980 and 1982 diamonds shed almost 65 percent of their value. After adjusting for inflation,

diamonds are still selling at lower prices than 10 years ago.

The worst performing collectibles of all are those instant treasures (commemorative medallions, coins, mugs and statues) produced solely for alleged collectors. Many appear to be china plates commemorating the death of some important individual such as John Lennon or John Kennedy. It makes you wonder whether the plate manufacturers are actually the sinister force behind many assassinations.

Purveyors of instant collectibles rely heavily on direct mail advertising. The package consists of a computer-generated letter ("Dear patron of the mail-order arts...") which stresses the artistic quality of the offer and its limited nature ("when the offer expires the moulds will be destroyed and the factory dynamited to the ground"). In reality, the production run is almost always sufficient to meet the demand. This means that whoever wants to buy one of the plates, mugs or whatever, will be able to do so. The resale market is practically nonexistent.

Indeed, the lack of suitable resale markets is the biggest problem facing investors in collectibles. Because there is no organised and regulated exchange, most collectibles are sold through agents, brokers or auctions. It is not uncommon for these intermediaries to charge commissions as high as 50 percent of the price they receive. This means that if the price of your diamond, wine or stamp collection should double and your agent is lucky enough to find a buyer you will still only break even after paying him half the selling price.

We are presently witnessing an upswing in the price of collectibles. The sharemarket crash and relatively low interest rates have revived interest in buying tangible "things". A survey by the Roy Morgan Financial Monitor found that jewellery is attracting the most interest, followed by antique furniture, paintings and oriental rugs. All told, around half a million Australians have investments in one or more of these categories. It may be a while before the shock of the 1987 debacle recedes into the collective unconscious and money returns to the sharemarket. Until then, collectible prices are likely to remain fairly strong.

Some will take this as an indication to go out collecting but my advice is to sell while you can. The season for collectibles may have returned but like all seasons, it will not last. It may not even arrive again during your lifetime. For the foreseeable future, the only things worth collecting are bank-books.

— SETH GREGORY.

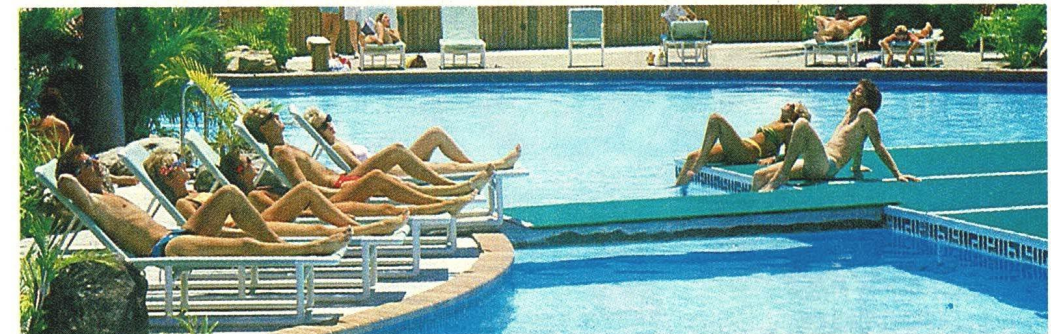


TRACEY O'DONOVAN



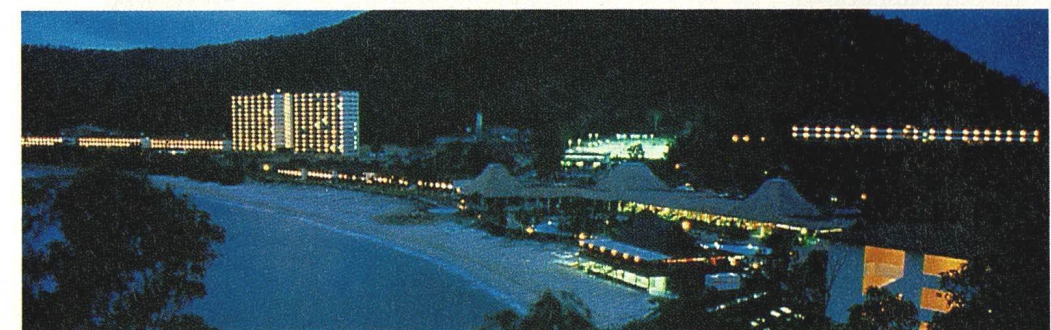
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PKB1HES04



Women

Hello readers. Sit down. What I say may shock you. I want to be a man. Your eyes are on sticks, am I right? "Here's this dame," you're thinking, "who's been going on for years now about how great women are, how fab feminism is, how men are just poor, misbegotten shnooks, and now, get this, she wants to be one of the boys. Women!"

But I have been thinking about my life, and I've been thinking about what my life would be like if I were a man. If I were a man, I'd be in clover.

Okay, career-wise, I'm doing fine as a woman. I have to turn down work, I'm so busy. I'm occasionally on television, and sometimes people stop me in the street to tell me they like my work. I live in a nice apartment in Manhattan, and usually I can pay my rent. This is all immensely gratifying for a writer.

But right now I'm sitting here, it's 11pm on a Saturday night, I'm bloated from premenstrual tension and eating too much chocolate because I'm lonely. I just went out to get the Sunday paper and saw too many couples mooning into each other's eyes. I'm sitting here with inch-long dark roots to my otherwise strawberry blonde hair because not only am I under severe deadline, but my son is a senior in high school, running for class president and applying to fancy colleges and needs constant support. He also needs braces. So I haven't been able to get to the hair guy, or even sue the contractor who started demolishing my kitchen in July and hasn't been back since, which means the table and all the pots are still in the living room.

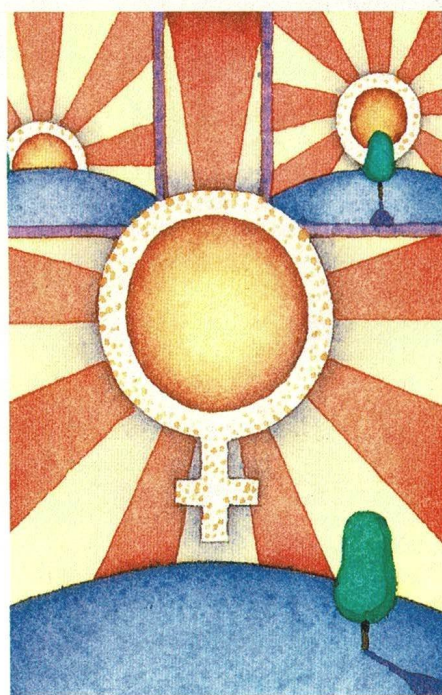
I saw the movie *Baby Boom* recently, which drove me crazy. There's a scene in which Diane Keaton, successful yuppie, is offered a promotion. Her boss tries to convince her not to take it. He says something like "I can have it all. I have a wife at home will take care of the house, of the social arrangements, I can have a family and a home life. *You* can't have it all."

Even worse is when Keaton meets Sam Shepard. She wakes up after fainting in the snow and there's Shepard's gorgeous mug staring down at her.

At this point I started whimpering into my popcorn. They date, they kiss, they fall in love, and I'm writhing in my seat like a deranged person. I can't stand this.

"Why?" asks my friend Alan, who's sharing my popcorn.

"Because why does she get Sam Shepard? I want Sam Shepard. Why can't I have him?"



**If only I were a man.
Then the opposite sex
would love me and my
success.**

"It's only a movie," Alan says.

I know that. And don't think I don't realise how pathetic I am, sitting there in a movie theatre being convulsed with romantic yearning for a movie star. It's not healthy or even necessarily sane for a mature woman to be living vicariously through the silver screen, like a 14-year-old.

The bad time for me is about 3am, when I've finally read myself into a stupor, put my book down and turned off the light. Just for a second then I can't escape the knowledge that there's nobody in the other room watching TV or making a sandwich who will soon be coming in to bed.

Nobody wants to date me. Okay, that is melodramatic, but nobody has wanted to date me since last May. I go to parties, nobody asks me for my phone number, nobody asks me for a drink, nobody flirts with me, nobody tries to hold my hand. This is ridiculous. If I were a man, a man as successful as I am, they'd be lining up. I'd go to cocktail parties and snap my fingers: "You! Take me home and cook me dinner! Then maybe if I'm in the mood we'll have sex!" And they would.

I know this is true because all my male friends say it's true. They have girls coming out of the woodwork. If one girl doesn't work out, if she's not pretty enough, or talented enough, or young enough, they just find another one. Me, nobody's interested.

I've got a friend who has been promising to fix me up for months now with a media guy. "Get this!" she shouts. "He makes a lot of money! He's really nice! And he's looking for a wife!"

And every time she says those words, my heart sinks. I can't be a wife. I don't know how. I've cooked dinner maybe six times in 1987. I'm mystified about cleaning floors. Buying a new shower curtain throws me into confusion. Even if I could do these things, I don't have time, I'm swamped. So what man would want me?

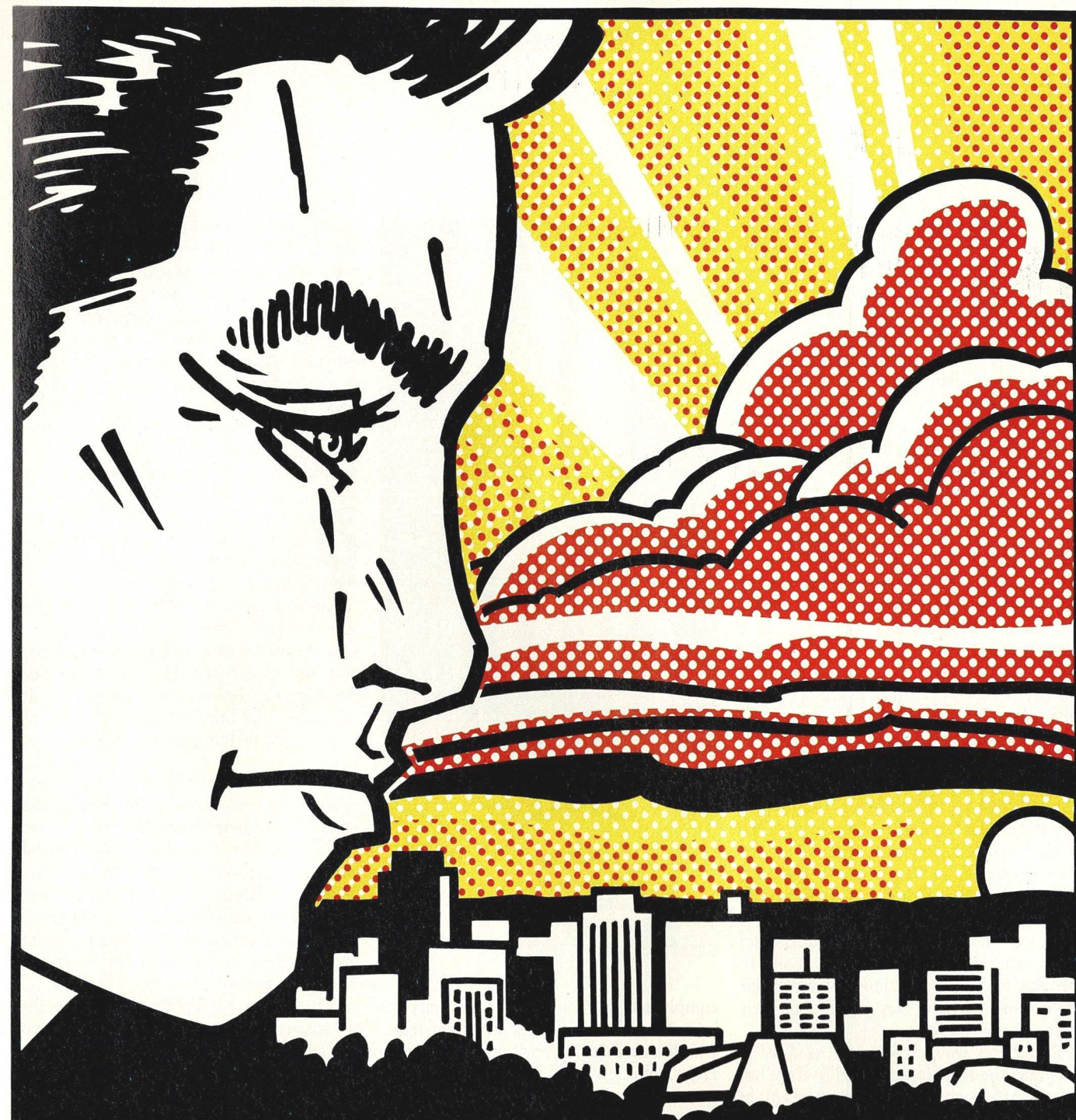
If I were a man, I wouldn't want me. I'd go for a more placid, domestic type in a pretty, flowered dress. A woman who would warm the pot for tea just the way I like it, who would tell the children to shut up because daddy's working, he's on deadline, we mustn't bother him with the petty problems of financial aid applications and braces.

Romances begin in passion and confided secrets and delicious intimacy, but if they end well, they end in domesticity, and then who's going to take the kid to the doctor and start a window box for herbs.

I love all of that stuff. I love the feeling I get when I'm standing in the kitchen making a man I adore some eggs. And this is embarrassing, but going to the supermarket with my lover is my idea of supreme happiness. But none of this is in my future, because I can't give up my work and turn into another person.

Sometimes I get letters from you readers. Some of them are really mean, along the lines of "Ha-ha! You chicks thought you were so smart, being feminists! Look where it's got you! You've got your independence, but we don't want you anymore! We're going after the young tootsies who will wash our socks! Yours truly, Mike."

Well, Mike, you're right. You don't want me, and I don't blame you. But also: listen, Mike, fuck you. I regret nothing. I'm miserable because I was one of the first, and I believe that women my age are a sacrifice to the future. My young monster, my beloved son, and his friends, many of whom grew up with single mothers, have lived without traditional role models since they were born. It's not going to be the same for our daughters. They will have a much better chance of "having it all". Whatever that means. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL



**AS THE SUN SET OVER ADELAIDE, HE WAS FACED
WITH THE DAYS MOST DIFFICULT DECISION.**

"What," he asked himself, "am I going to do tonight?"

"Here I am, a stranger in a strange city. Where does a single guy go for a drink, a feed, a bit of fun?"

Then he looked out the hotel window and saw the old railway station.

"Of course," he smiled. "The Casino. Bars. Restaurants. People. And a flutter on the roulette wheel."

Under the shower he remembered how Brad had met his girlfriend at the Casino last year.

"Never know," he mused, "might meet some gorgeous blonde. Or win the Keno jackpot."

"Which reminds me what my mother used to say: never gamble or mix with strange women."

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Men

Have you done your reading for today, men? I assume you got up early and read your quota of women's magazines. Between the ads for nail polish and pantyhose, I trust you found enough articles about the cruelty of men and the beauty of women to keep yourself in minimal pain.

But what have you done for feminism lately? You've got some books to read, mate! Try *Men Who Can't Love* or *Successful Women, Angry Men* or *Men Who Hate Women And The Women Who Leave Them*. After you've digested those, try *No Good Men*.

If you like reading books like the ones listed (if you're into self-mutilation, that is) you might try *Women And Love, A Cultural Revolution In Progress*. It's by Shere (pronounced "share") Hite and it's 922 pages of strangeness. Purporting to be based on seven years of research and in-depth interviews with 4500 women, Hite concludes that the female of the species is disillusioned, fed up, angry — and frequently breaking away from her male relationships, either through divorce or extra-marital affairs.

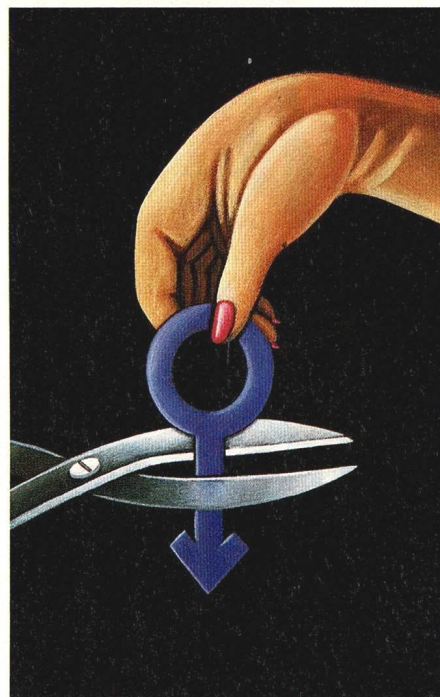
Some of Hite's numbers: 70 percent of the women married five years or more said they were having affairs; 98 percent of all women interviewed wished for more "verbal closeness" with their male partners; 95 percent reported incidents of "emotional and psychological harassment"; and only 19 percent said their relationship with their spouse or boyfriend was primary in their lives.

Put it this way: if *Women And Love* is accurate, the Dow Jones Sexual Average has dropped through the floor and we're still in The Great Sexual Depression of the 1980s. Is it true? Does Shere Hite have her facts right? Are women as disappointed in men as she makes it sound?

I may not have the answer to that, but I can tell you this about men: we're as happy as pigs in shit. Yes, indeed, we are. I can prove it, too, because I've just finished my own survey. It's called *The Hype Report*, and it's a piece of work.

You may not believe this, but I've talked to every man in Australia within the past 24 hours. My numbers are more current than the underwear some of you are wearing. Sure, we live in an age of exaggerated claims and pop psychology, but trust me. Would I lie to you, even for a few laughs? *The Hype Report* is a rock-solid, infinitely detailed, impeccably researched and totally accurate reflection of male thought today.

And the honest truth is: we find women to be perfect, absolutely perfect. We have no



The Hype Report's shock finding: All men are as happy as pigs in shit!

complaints, and frankly we're surprised to hear that our women don't love us anymore. Life for us is just a bowl of cherries. *The Hype Report* proves it. Consider some of my data:

- 99.44 percent of men were sexually satisfied in their primary relationship. "I wouldn't look at another woman," said a computer salesman from Dubbo, NSW, "because I've got all I can handle here at home. I am very surprised to hear that women are dissatisfied. How can they be? All the men I know are overjoyed." That's a statement I heard repeatedly as I prepared *The Hype Report*.

- 100 percent of the men polled agreed that problems in communication between women and men were caused exclusively by the male. "It's all my fault," said a chicken plucker from Kingaroy, Queensland, in a typical interview. "Women are great at communicating *exactly* what they want and need. They are always direct, predictable, fair and honest. They never hide behind poses or exhibit complex personalities. They are always intensely interested in our needs and desires. And conversation? They never

chatter, never mislead, never fill the air with verbal chaff. Sometimes I find myself wishing I was a woman so I could be one of the good people. I'm thinking seriously about having a sex change operation. I'd like to be part of the perfect sex, and here I am, stuck in a man's body. Ain't it a shame?"

- 125 percent of all men polled acknowledged that they never did any housework. That high number is the result of some men coming back to answer this question a second time. "Basically, I'm waited on at home," said a stockbroker from Toorak, Victoria. "I never lift a finger. When I walk in the door, I find everything in my home in perfect order. The kids are fed and in bed, the dog has my slippers, my wife is in her negligee, dinner's on the table. Isn't that the way all men live these days? My wife has no opinions of her own, so I talk about my day and my career and she sits there and worships me. I never clear the table to do the dishes, but once in a while I'll fold my napkin, and on our anniversary I fold hers, too."

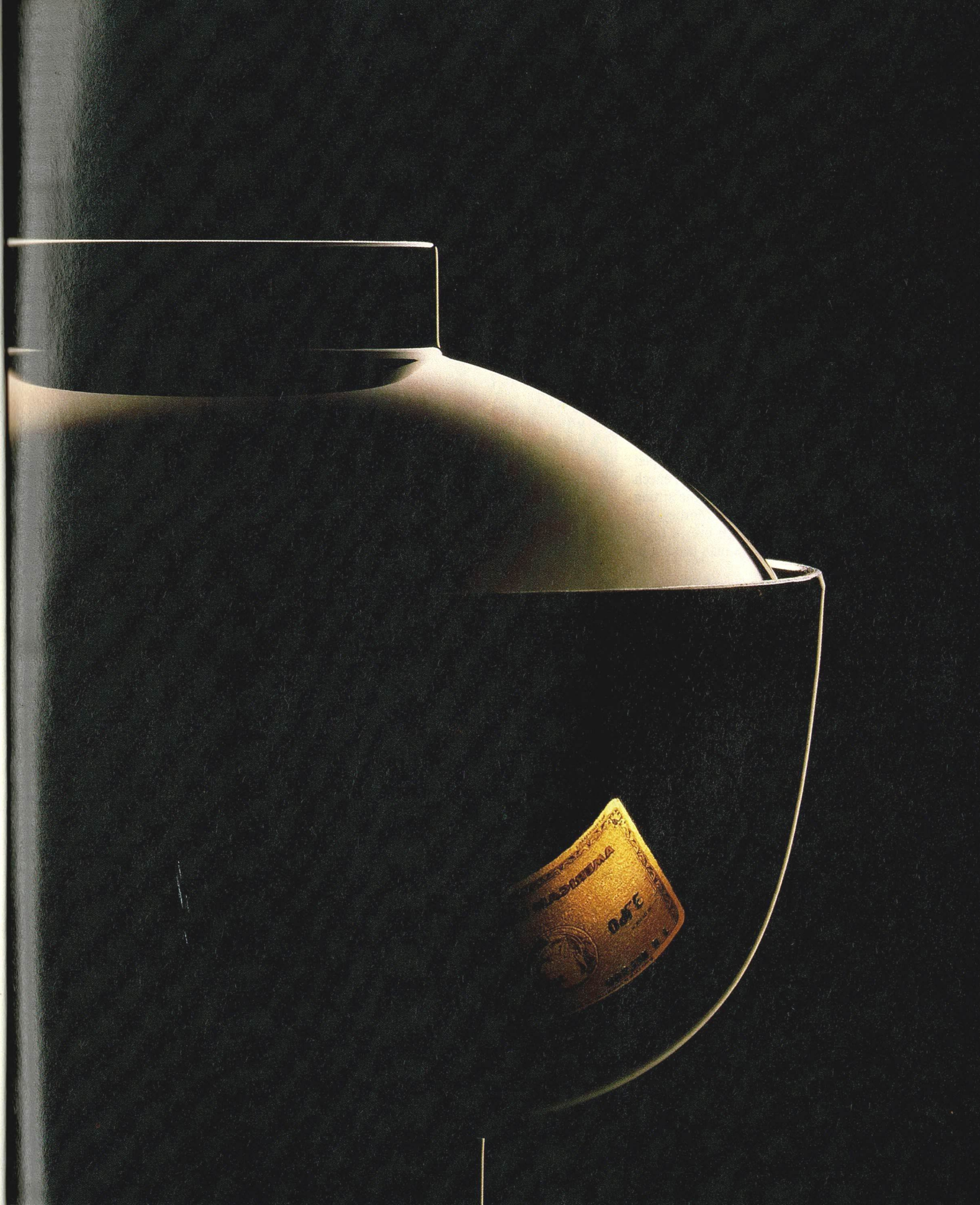
- Only .000001 percent of all men interviewed reported forms of emotional and psychological harassment from the women they love, and only .0000000000001 percent wanted to make basic changes in their relationships. "Harassment? I'm not sure I've ever experienced it from any women I know. Women are fundamentally uncritical. I can't imagine them ever being picky or mean. They just love us and accept us for what we are, faults and all. That's what makes life so unstressful. I may be aggressive and difficult, but you can't find a woman who's that way. Do you know what it costs to get a sex change operation? I'd like to be sweet and kind, too."

The results of *The Hype Report* are startling. Ninety-nine percent of Australian men today are monogamous, 98 percent never fantasise about other partners, 99 percent of divorced males loved the experience of divorce court and are ecstatic about losing custody of their children, and only 1 percent think women have any responsibility for the war between the sexes.

Perhaps most surprising of all, a clear majority of men want to become women. Okay, true, a couple of guys thought that a sex change would be a good way to avoid the military draft in case of war, but most of the other transsexuals were sincere.

I hope there's a lot of hype about *The Hype Report*. I'm ready for my interview with *People* whenever they call. I plan to make a million dollars out of all this. That'll pay for my operation, won't it?

— ASA BABER



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Sport

When the fighting Waters brothers were kids, their dad Cec used to sit them down at the kitchen table and hold up a sharp knife and a cucumber. "If you boys ever steal anything from anybody," he'd say, slamming the knife through the cucumber for dramatic effect, "I'll cut you in half."

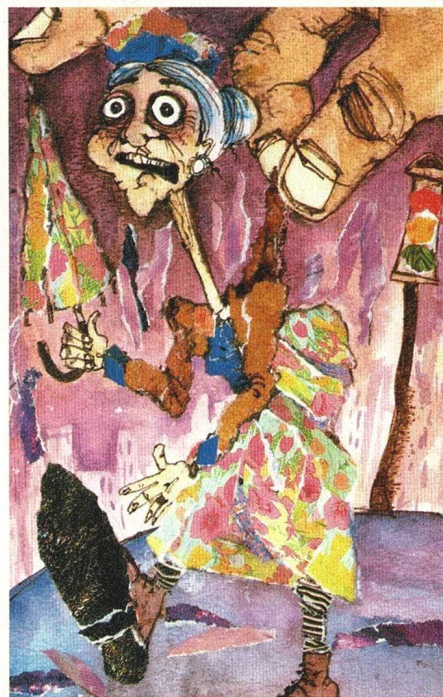
I'm not sure what this anecdote says about the beanie-wearing Mr Waters or the sport into which he has inducted his brood, but the fact that I heard it on national television tells me a lot about boxing's much-hyped rebirth in this country. Since Jeff Fenech returned from LA and fell into the strong arms of capable promoter Bill Mordey, the cult of personality has taken over a sport whose participants are to a man lacking in that commodity.

To compensate for this dearth, the once-noble art of pugilism has been turned into a hideous circus of frills, fanfare and much ado about nothing. We are asked to believe in brutes who worship their pint-sized father and shun red meat and the company of women, in inner-city bruisers who help old ladies across the street, and in ageing Champagne Charlies who step back into the ring, not to make a fast buck, but to honor their adopted country. Please, give me a break!

Worse than any of this, we are asked to cop the tuxedoed presence ringside of the likes of quizmaster Tony Barber, whose exaltation to the role of fight commentator would have to be the greatest piece of miscasting since Bryan Brown in *Tai Pan*. Mr Barber, who once apparently managed Barry Michaels, may know a lot about boxing but he has so far kept it to himself.

Professional boxing, of course, has long been hyped near to death, but the saving grace of the big bouts (like, say, Ali versus Frazier) has been that the combatants have had talent to spare and were relatively evenly matched. Watching two incompetents in the ring is bad enough, but watching one incompetent punched senseless is even worse. Sadly, the promoters of the current incarnation of the fight game in this country have, in the main, shown a singular inability to make a match. It may well be that projected gate money doesn't make an attractive enough purse to lure topline south of the equator, but importing mugs is a sure way to kill what potential exists.

It may have been through no fault of his own or Mr Mordey's, but anyone who doubts that Aussie Joe Bugner was pitted against second-raters on the road to London, scene of previous ignominious evenings, simply hasn't seen what odds Ladbroke's



Boxing's introduced a new breed of corny personalities who, to a man, lack personality.

were offering about him when he finally went around with a real fighter.

Joe Bugner's sort-of-rise (rather like a wholemeal scone) and subsequent fall make an interesting case study. Aussie Joe was big, tough and glamorous. He and his heroically proportioned wife were never far from the social cameras, they exuded wealth and charisma. Putting the gloves back on at 36, after years of lounge-lizarding and promising to do his new country proud, Bugner should have had massive public appeal.

The fact of the matter was that Aussie Joe couldn't half-fill a house. The socialites came and went, suitably appalled, and that left the hardcore boxing fans, who weren't far behind the fur stoles, equally appalled but for different reasons. Joe Bugner simply didn't deliver a ticket's worth.

Never in his several careers has Bugner been anything but a solid defence, capable of withstanding an enormous battering, but not of responding in kind. This is not meant as criticism of Bugner, rather of those who would have sold him as a crowd-pleaser. Bugner was always the Geoff Boycott of boxing, infuriating crowds rather than

pleasing them. Like Boycott, he had a talent, I believe, that was simply misrepresented.

Unfortunately for the immediate future of Australian boxing, light heavyweight Dean Waters is equally boring in his own quiet way.

It was hard to understand his points loss in Hobart last November to a fellow who would have been more at home with the Brisbane Bullets, but it really didn't matter that much to anyone other than his immediate family. The auditorium at West Point had filled with the sounds of snoring long before they came out to tango the 10th.

It says much about the state of Australian boxing that the sight of former pop crooner Marty Rhone (now a boxing promoter, God help us) mounting the apron of the ring to warble the national anthem came as a blessed relief. The Waters brothers, good, honest boys though they are, who do what their dad tells them, *en trio*, are, I'm afraid (and if they read this I certainly will be), as dull as dishwater.

But there is hope and its name is Troy Waters, fast developing into a fighter of stamina and style. On a card of his own, Troy might shine like a beacon on a dark night over Brisbane Water, but more than likely he will be forced to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous hype.

In the meantime, however, we are left with the little Maltese terrier from the wrong side of the tracks. Jeff Fenech is hyped to death but won't lie down. And why should he? That much talent will float in a sea of verbal diarrhoea. You could forgive him just about anything and the fans who pack out his fights have. That's why we're the most beautiful people he knows.

The question hanging in the balance is will Australia's much-hyped boxing revival prove to be bigger than the man? The sport came out of its closet in the seedy licensed clubs when Fenech returned from LA and went pro. If the wheels fall off the Fenech wagon it could just as easily return from whence it came, although the champ's corner claim that such an eventuality is beyond the bounds of immediate possibility. Which, of course, is precisely what the fight hustlers said when Carruthers and his ilk were packing them in to the old Sydney Stadium 30 years ago.

Back then boxing had panache; a night ringside reeked with style, it was the place to be seen. Then, in a twinkling of a fuzzy eye, things went rotten. Crook match-making, no fighters to inspire the public, and phutt. Couldn't happen again? Well, that's what they said about the crash of '29.

— PHIL JARRATT

TRACEY O'DONOVAN

Vision Break-through

When I put on the pair of glasses what I saw I could not believe. Nor will you.

By Joseph Sugarman

I am about to tell you a true story. If you believe me, you will be well rewarded. If you don't believe me, I will make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

Len is a friend of mine who knows good products. One day he called excited about a pair of sunglasses he owned. "It's so incredible," he said, "when you first look through a pair, you won't believe it."

"What will I see?" I asked. "What could be so incredible?"

Len continued, "When you put on these glasses, your vision improves. Objects appear sharper, more defined. Everything takes on an enhanced 3-D effect. And it's not my imagination. I just want you to see for yourself."

COULDN'T BELIEVE EYES

When I received the sunglasses and put them on I couldn't believe my eyes. I kept taking them off and putting them on to see if indeed what I was seeing was indeed actually sharper or if my imagination was playing tricks on me. But my vision improved. It was obvious. I kept putting on my \$100 pair of sunglasses and comparing them. They didn't compare. I was very impressed. Everything appeared sharper, more defined and indeed had a greater three dimensional look to it. But what did this product do that made my vision so much better? I found out.

The sunglasses (called BluBlockers) filter out the ultraviolet and blue spectrum light waves from the sun. You've often heard the color blue used for expressions of bad moods such as "blue Monday" or "I have the blues." Apparently, the color blue, for centuries, has been considered a rather depressing color.

For eyesight, blue is not a good color too. There are several reasons. First, the blue rays have one of the shortest wavelengths in the visible spectrum (red is the longest). As a result, the color blue will focus slightly in front of the retina which is the "focusing screen" in your eye. By blocking the blue from the sunlight through a special filtration process, and only letting those rays through that indeed focus clearly on the retina, objects appear to be sharper and clearer.

The second reason is even more impressive. It is harmful to have ultra-violet rays fall on our eyes. Recognized as bad



They look like sunglasses.

for skin, UV light is worse for eyes and is believed to play a role in many of today's eye diseases. In addition, people with contact lenses are at greater risk because contacts tend to magnify the light thus increasing the sun's harmful effects.

SUNGLASS DANGER

Finally, by eliminating the blue and UV light during the day, your night vision improves. The purple pigment in your eye, called Rhodopsin, is affected by blue and ultraviolet light and the eyes can take hours to recover from the damage.

But what really surprised me was the danger in conventional sunglasses. Our pupils close in bright light to limit the light entering the eye and open wider at night like the lens of an automatic camera. So when we put on sunglasses, although we reduce the amount of light that enters our eyes, our pupils open wider and we allow more of the harmful blue and ultraviolet light into our eyes.

DON'T BE CONFUSED

I'm often asked by people who read this, "Do those BluBlockers really work?" They really do and please give me the opportunity to prove it. I guarantee each pair of BluBlockers to perform exactly as I described.

BluBlocker sunglasses use ophthalmic-quality CR-39 lenses with a hard anti-scratch coating. Over 85 percent of all doctors' prescriptions are now filled with CR-39. No shortcuts were taken.

The black, light-weight anodized aluminum frame is one of the most comfortable I have ever worn and compares with many of the \$200 pairs you can buy from France or Italy.

The weakest link in any pair of glasses is the hinge. So there's a precision two-way tension hinge that not only bends when you close the pair, but is spring-loaded to bend outward too. You get a completely flexible frame that will comfortably contour to any size face.

There are also two other models. One is a clip-on pair that weighs less than one

ounce and fits over prescription lenses and the second is a precision-molded plastic frame that looks identical to the aluminum model but without the tension hinge. All models include a padded carrying case and a one-year limited warranty.

I urge you to order a pair and experience your improved vision. Then take your old sunglasses and compare them to the BluBlocker sunglasses. See how much clearer and sharper objects appear with the BluBlocker pair. And see if your night vision doesn't improve as a direct result. If you don't see a dramatic difference in your vision—one so noticeable that you can tell immediately, then send them back anytime within 30 days and I will send you a prompt and courteous refund.

DRAMATIC DIFFERENCE

But from what I've personally witnessed, once you wear a pair, there will be no way you'll want to return it.

Pilots, golfers, hunters, athletes and anyone who spends a great deal of time in the sun, who drives a car or who just wants to protect their vision—all will find BluBlocker sunglasses indispensable.

Our eyes are very important to us. Protect them and at the same time improve your vision with the most incredible breakthrough in sunglasses since they were first introduced. Order a pair or two at no obligation, today.

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Exhibitionism is buoyantly alive and well on Rio's Copacabana Beach. The very name of this famous slash of sand and surf fairly quivers with the suggestion of crackling hot sunshine, surging surf, brittle samba music, and a parade of oil-glossed bodies artfully attired in the briefest bathers you can imagine.

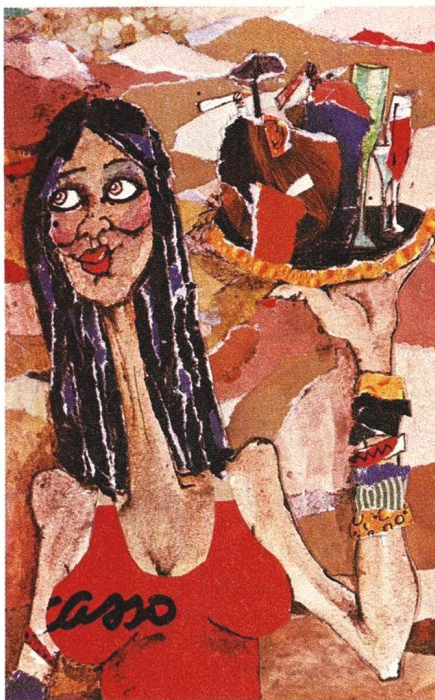
Maybe you're pretty good at imagining skimpy swimsuits. Well, try and picture a type of bikini so minuscule that one Brazilian fashion designer called his line Dental Floss. The full effect of this popular Rio style is best appreciated from the rear. A thread of material is slung low around the hips and then slippery-dips between the cheeks. The frontal view gives you a teensy triangle below and, on top, two strands of fabric curling over nutty nipples. Yours for the viewing on every audacious *carioca* beach belle who swivels past in a real-live rendition of *The Girl From Ipanema*.

In a curious show of modesty, topless bathing is unheard of on Rio de Janeiro's two premier beaches, Copacabana and Ipanema. This is a staunchly Catholic society where a young woman's virginity and honor are prized, and bare breasts are considered indecent except, that is, at annual Carnival time, when anything goes and almost everything comes off. Forget topless temptations: it's the *bunda*, the bare arse, the raunchy rear-end, that symbolises the sun-warmed sensuality of Brazilian beach culture.

Copacabana is a fine sweep of beach hugged by Avenida Atlantica, the apartment-thick esplanade that includes Rio's most ritzy hotels, fashionable cafes and busiest bars. From the pip of dawn, beachgoers spill across the palm-lined promenade and stake out a patch of sand. Early-bird vendors deal in coconuts freshly decapitated and spiked with a straw; canvas-shaded stalls sell *vitaminis*, fruit juices whizzed on the spot and served with a layer of froth in a big plastic cup. Souvenir salesmen spread their displays of cloth caps, T-shirts, and tizzy Rio mementoes patterned with fluoro-bright Amazon toucans and parrots.

By eight o'clock, the volleyball nets have been erected bang by the concrete esplanade. Predatory packs of well-muscled men with shiny gold chains and pouchy swimsuits reminiscent of aerodrome wind-socks in a brisk breeze are to be seen posturing by the nets, finding their best angles and slapping coconut butter all over their tree-trunk thighs.

By nine, the whole beach is on heat. Bands of *bunda*-proud beachgirls are swivelling



Bikinis like dental floss on bunda-proud beach girls — that's Rio de Janeiro.

along the sand, tossing their licorice-black hair and revelling in the attention of the glistening ball-boys by the nets and the open-mouthed male tourists paralysed on the pavement. It's a display that lasts all day. Who knows why these potential Playmates and macho musclemen aren't out earning a decent living? One can only presume that the women slip into sequins and feathers by night and perform at Rio's throbbing samba clubs. The men? Bouncers, male models, good-time guys or, most likely, enterprising gigolos who prey on wealthy American widows who've flown down to Rio to swoop up cheap emeralds.

You can play a minor role in Rio's theatrical beach play as long as you don't do anything as daft as turning up in your Stubbies and Foster's T-shirt. Look like a tourist on the beaches of Brazil and you'll be treated like one. And that doesn't mean you'll be patted on the back and plied with coconut cocktails. It implies your belongings will almost certainly be stolen if you leave them unattended on the sand, you'll be stalked by young pickpockets from Rio's wretched *favela* slums, and that camera

around your neck can be swiped in less time than it takes to focus your gaze on a passing *bunda*.

Voyeurism is the go. Stroll along that wide Avenida Atlantica, settle into a ringside seat at an alfresco cafe and order a *caipirinha*, a neat slug of local cane spirit (the same fiery spirit used to power most of Brazil's alcohol-run cars) which is poured over well-crushed limes and a mound of sugar and served with cracked ice. The drink can also be ordered with vodka (which makes it a *caipirovka*) and this variation is recommended for those who prefer to exit a restaurant or bar without the aid of a stretcher.

As you lounge at such breezy observation points, you'll doubtless be pestered by ingenious hawkers who'll try to sell you everything from balloons and white rosebuds to their 10-year-old sisters, but they're easily dismissed by a wave of your *caipirinha* glass. Still it's not entirely unknown for a Copacabana cutie to cross the avenue and park her sand-speckled bum at the table of a lonely visitor.

The generous curves of Rio's beaches should also be studied from the city's two famous lookouts, Sugarloaf Mountain and Corcovado. The former is reached by cablecar (remember those aerial antics in the Bond movie *Moonraker*?), there's a good, reasonably priced restaurant on the first level (knockout views from table three), and the observation platform offers wrap-around views of Guanabara Bay, the corrugated coastline, city strip and bosomy mountains beyond.

Corcovado is topped by the towering figure of Christ, whose outstretched arms seem to both embrace and bless the dizzying panorama below. It's serviced by a cog railway which trundles up the super-steep mountain and then it's a 365-step puffing climb to the top.

As for Rio itself, there are sufficient good restaurants, laser-lit discos (try Help! for bop-till-you-drop action), five-star hotels, convivial bars, well-stocked shops (cheap leather jackets and shoes), and extravagant girlie revues to keep any visitor roundly satisfied.

The exchange rate varies widely (hotel concierges offer good black market prices) but Australian dollars are sniffed at, so go armed with American greenbacks.

If your blood pressure's in good shape, you can experience the up-front urgency of Rio de Janeiro at 10 times the pace and twice the heat during madcap Carnival. But the fainthearted among you would do well to watch it on the news.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA



TRACY O'DONOVAN



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"What a Sterling idea."

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Australia's First Family of Milds

Attenborough bores, Cher stands alone and Helen Reddy turns producer.

BLACK CAN STILL BE BORING: Having neatly disposed of Gandhi by means of the multi-Oscared epic of the same name, **Sir Richard Attenborough** has now turned his attention to another secular saint of heroic proportions. *Cry Freedom* is partly the story of **Steve Biko**, the young black South African activist who officially died while on a hunger strike. Later it emerged that he had been savagely beaten by the South African police and then transported 1100km unconscious in the back of a truck to a police hospital. The story is seen through the eyes of **Donald Woods**, the white liberal newspaper editor who told Biko's story to the world — consequently *Cry Freedom* also covers the story of the



Cry Freedom: White South Africa applauds its own short-sightedness.

Woods family's nail-biting flight to freedom after Donald had become a banned person. Unfortunately Attenborough has been unable to resist the temptation to preach, and the script consists almost entirely of stodgy morality delivered in ringing tones by **Kevin Kline** as Woods and **Denzel (St Elsewhere)** **Washington** as Biko, each looking excessively noble. The subject matter should have spoken for itself. Still, the director's insistence on accuracy means that **John Hargreaves** scores the role of an Aussie journo and **Nick Tate** is the Kiwi pilot who flies the family to safety. Most ironic to us Aussies is Attenborough's dramatic listing of the entire 60-odd blacks who have died in custody in South Africa since 1970, which pales into insignificance beside Australia's 70-odd Aborigines who have mysteriously hanged in our jails since 1980!

REELING AND ROCKING: **Helen Reddy** is producing her first film, *The Land Of Oz*, a history of Australia. . . Australian filmmaker **Gillian Armstrong** directed *Hard To Handle*, an hour-long video of the **Bob Dylan-Tom Petty True Confessions** tour, for Virgin Vision. Also on this label you can now get mouth-watering stuff like *A Hard Day's Night*, *Monterey Pop* and the fascinating *Elvis '56*, a record of the legend's

first big year via his TV appearances. He appeared on television only three times after that in his entire life! Incidentally the whole *Fawlty Towers* series is now available on video from Virgin. . . **John Cougar Mellen-camp**'s movie debut is 95 percent set. In *Riding The Cage*, he will play a country singer.

NEWSBREAKS: **Sting** is putting together a band for a major tour this year. . . Look out for **Art Garfunkel**'s first solo album in six years. . . **Chuck Berry** is working on a

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by
graham barry

Back To The Beach Annette and Frankie can still cut a rug, and Pee Wee Herman does *Surfin' Bird* to a t. **YYY**

Fatal Attraction Play Misty For Me revisited but sexier and nastier a la 9½ Weeks. **YY**

Hamburger Hill The sheer senselessness of war (in this case Vietnam) makes gruelling viewing. **YY**

Inner Space Test pilot Dennis Quaid is miniaturised and launched into Martin Short's bloodstream by mistake! **YYY**

Ishtar Beatty and Hoffman do a Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in an obscure Eastern country. Not half bad. **YYY**

Jean De Florette/Manon Des Sources Mammoth French soapie in two parts with Montand and Depardieu. **YYY**

My Sweet Little Village In small Czech villages everybody is crazy. Or so it would seem. Very funny. **YYYY**

Space Balls Mel Brooks sticks it up *Star Wars* to great effect. *Mad Magazine* in movie form. **YYY**

Stakeout Richard Dreyfuss is charming as the cop who falls in love. Indeed, so's the villain, Aidan Quinn. **YYYY**

Revenge Of The Nerds II or *Nerds In Paradise*. This time the laughter's a bit strained. **YY**

The Lost Boys If you like *The Goonies*, this is for you: vampire bikies, great music and great one-liners. **YYYY**

The Pick-Up Artist Molly Ringwald shows her mettle, but the material is still second-rate teen stuff. **YY**

The Principal Jim Belushi has a *Blackboard Jungle* on his hands. Exploitation, but he's terrific. **YYY**

Who's That Girl? Perhaps Madonna was a one-hit wonder? She wrecks this *Bringing Up Baby* clone. **Y**

YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

studio album and planning to tour with a band. He usually picks them up along the way because it's cheaper! . . . **Ron Wood** says in his book *Ron Wood On Ron Wood: The Works*, that **The Stones** used to check into hotels as **Fleetwood Mac** in towns where The Stones weren't welcome. . . After a break **Bon Jovi** will return to the studio to record what may be a two-LP set. . . Who's hot? **The Jamaica Boys' Marcus Miller**. He's producing the next **Miles Davis** album, four tracks for **Roberta Flack** and a track for **Spike Lee's** next movie, *School Days*. . . **The Beach Boys**, **The Beatles**, **The Drifters**, **Dylan** and **The Supremes** will be inducted into the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame this year. And if you're wondering how long rock will last, this year's inductees were chosen from among artists whose first records were released before 1963!

CHER ON HER OWN: **Cher**, torch singer and clothes-horse par excellence, has a long history of getting out from under partners, dating back to her singing debut with husband **Sonny** and their long-running TV show together. No sooner had she conquered TV on her own and moved to the silver screen than she found herself as second-stringer to stars like **Meryl Streep** in *Silkwood* or simply one of the three lovely *Witches Of Eastwick* ministering to devilish **Jack Nicholson's** needs. In *Peter Yates's*



Suspect: Public Defender Cher consults client!

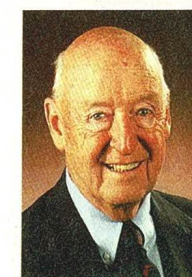
stylish courtroom drama *Suspect*, however, she's very much on her own in more ways than one as the public defender with no time to herself, who is given the thankless task of defending a deaf and dumb dero accused of murder. Pretty soon she's getting some rather unethical help from **Randy Quaid** as a slightly sleazy political lobbyist who finds himself as an unwilling jurymen. For someone whose gorgeous face is usually expressionless, **Cher** has enormous screen presence. She can convey pathos with the least lowering of her eyelids — and when she finally squeezes out a smile for her hapless client, you feel like cheering. **Y**

The Franklin Mint's first series of precision die-cast models The Mercedes 500K Special Roadster



Shown smaller than actual size of approximately 21.6 cm (8½") in length. Scale: 1:24.

Created under the direction of America's most renowned automotive designer. Conceived, engineered and built to a new standard in automotive scale models.



GORDON H. BUEHRIG. Designer of the legendary Cord 810, the Duesenberg J, Auburn Speedster and, now, the Director of Franklin Mint Precision Models. "I was convinced that collector model cars could deliver more — in detail, finish and overall quality. That's what separates this model car from any you may have seen before."

Right from the beginning, when The Franklin Mint's first edition of collector model cars was still being developed there was one outstanding historical vehicle we were determined to include. This was The Mercedes 500K Special Roadster — the car many people consider to be the most beautiful Mercedes ever made.

The release of this collector's model, under the auspices of The Franklin Mint's inaugural series of precision die-cast models, is an event both serious collectors and lovers of vintage cars will applaud. Created under the direction of America's foremost automotive designer, Gordon M. Buehrig, this is a very special model of a very special car.

Introduced in 1934, the 500K Special Roadster was a high-speed touring car with advanced styling and impressive performance. This exacting model has been created according to precise measurements and drawings taken from the original: an impeccably restored example, built in 1935, recently named "Best in Class" and "Best in Show" at the famed Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance.

Most people have never seen a model car of this quality

The model began as a sculptured prototype. With every curve, line and feature painstakingly formed by a skilled modelmaker. This hand-made master was then broken down and used as the basis for tooling the more than 100 sets of steel dies needed for a truly detailed scale re-creation.

Between these die-sets hot metal is injected to form fenders, hood panels, frame members. The spoked wheels and all trimwork are moulded. Each part is inspected. Painted. And inspected again. Individually. All by hand.

Finally the model is hand assembled — from more than 100 component parts, carefully fitted together to complete a single car.

This is model making raised to a standard of excellence never before available — except to those willing to commission a single-built example from a professional modeller for many hundreds, or even thousands, of dollars. Yet, the advanced engineering techniques of Franklin Mint Precision Models make it possible to provide this uncommon level of quality at an affordable price.

Available only by direct application

Crafted in the traditional scale of 1:24, The Mercedes 500K Special Roadster is the perfect showpiece for a tabletop or desk. Where you can display the detailed engine compartment, try the quick steering action, work the "knock-off" hub on the spares. If you are a car enthusiast — or simply take pleasure in owning objects that are made with care and skill beyond the

ordinary — this superb imported model will be a most satisfying possession.

Please note that it is available exclusively by direct application, and it will not be sold in stores. To be assured of earliest delivery, simply mail your order by 31st March, 1988.

Order by telephone —
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHARLES PERKINS

A candid conversation with Australia's most prominent black about his achievements and disappointments as the head of the Aboriginal Affairs department.

The term "black stirrer" has been in our lexicon for some time now, but the archetypal black stirrer of recent history must undoubtedly be Mr Charles Perkins, Secretary of the Department Of Aboriginal Affairs. Perkins is the public servant whose mouth roared, and it roared so often that it has enraged prime ministers and members of the public alike.

But Perkins is an enigmatic character — most Australians know of him, but few know much about him personally. He's chalked up a lot of firsts — he was the first Aboriginal to earn a university degree and the first to head a Commonwealth department — but his many detractors say he's achieved nothing that will stand the test of time. Among his detractors are numerous black radicals who claim he's a "nice, tame little fella", and a "black bourgeois". Of course to many whites the man is just an "uppity Abo" who needs to be put in his place.

Charles Perkins describes himself as one of the "original bastards of the bush". His parents were half-caste Aboriginals and he was born "around 1936-37" at the Alice Springs telegraph station. His early upbringing was relatively pleasant: "We swam in the waterhole the whole year round. Often we would go out into the desert and eat all the bush tucker that was available." When he was 10 his family

moved into the Alice Springs township and lived in a mud hut.

A few months after their arrival, the Perkins family and all other blacks were booted out of Alice and moved to a huddle of shacks and shanties called Rainbow Town. This is when the young Charles Perkins first discovered his place in the scheme of things as an Aboriginal, and from then on he was the proverbial "angry young man".

Soon after, Perkins was sent to school in Adelaide. He disliked school, he resented racial segregation, and he seemed doomed to become a "no-hoper Abo" like many of his mates. It was his excellence at soccer that saved him. When he turned 21 he was one of South Australia's highest paid soccer players — he earned eight pounds (\$16) a week playing for the State's best team, Adelaide. Then in 1959 he was invited to England to play for Everton in Liverpool. Perkins remembers the day he boarded the boat at Melbourne. It was boiling hot and the men removed their suit coats. Perkins could not, however, because the shirt he was wearing under his coat sported only one arm.

England changed Perkins. He was treated like an equal, not a black, and when he returned to Australia in 1960 he was determined to improve his own life and to improve race relations. He married his

white wife Eileen in 1961 and, as an established soccer star, travelled to Sydney and financed his matriculation studies by collecting rewards for every goal he kicked during his soccer games.

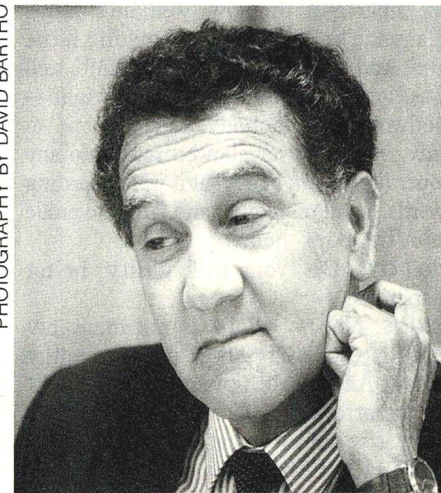
Now came his radical years, when he met the Kings Cross identity, the Reverend Ted Noffs. After matriculating he enrolled at Sydney University, and became Australia's first Aboriginal graduate. Then he and Noffs embarked on the so-called Freedom Rides. Buses toured the backblocks of NSW and the participants demanded, of all things, black rights. Such stirring was unheard of, and from that day on Charles Perkins was known to the majority of Australians as a trouble-maker, a black stirrer, a suntanned superstar.

The Freedom Rides were, in many people's opinion, Perkins's biggest achievement, although Perkins would probably say that his rise to the top of the Canberra bureaucratic machine was. He only joined the Department Of Aboriginal Affairs in March 1969, but quickly rose to the top and gave many a politician a hard time.

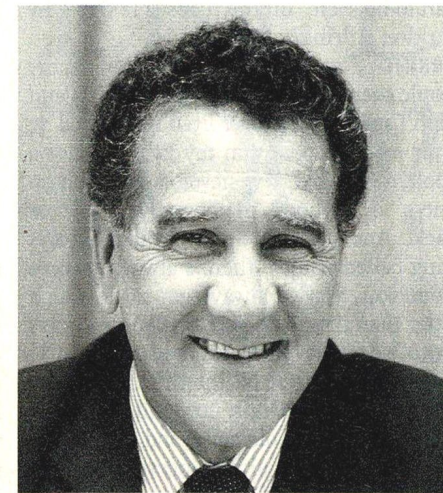
In 1972 he faced his own mortality. A kidney transplant saved him from an early death, and his new lease on life convinced him he should go all out for his cause, a better life for Australian Aborigines.

Australian Playboy sent managing editor **Peter Olszewski** to Canberra to

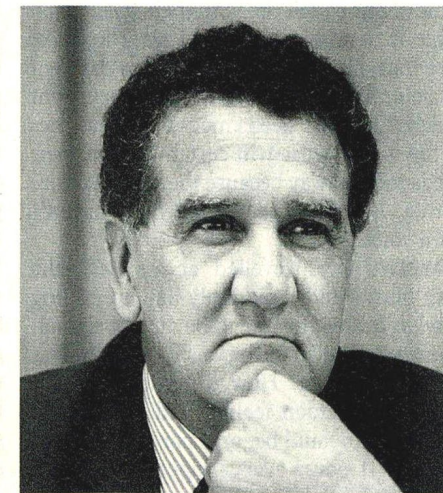
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"I don't drink and I don't smoke. I've never lived riotously. I've never stolen a penny in my life. And yet you're always being called names, there's always rumors."



"Twenty years after [the Freedom Rides] I went into Walgett RSL. The same bloke was on the desk and as soon as I walked in he said, 'I know you, you're a troublemaker!'"



"What we're saying [on land rights] is more symbolic than anything: there has to be recognition by whites that there were people here for 40,000 years before."

pow-wow with Perkins. Olszewski reports: "I met Perkins in his plush offices high up in Canberra's MLC Tower. At first Perkins was cagey and wary, but when he began to open up the effect was quite devastating. Like many Aboriginals he was extremely blunt and to the point, and at times, when he described how he'd won out through some particular adversity, I felt like cheering him for having kicked a goal. And at other times, particularly when he described how he looked forward to death as an escape from a much troubled life, the atmosphere was gloomy. But that's not to say Perkins wallows in self-pity. He's quite a perky bloke, and during our interview he was continually answering phone calls. First he solved a crisis, when one of his colleagues rang to say he wanted to resign. Then he chortled and joked through a phone conversation with John Singleton, then organised tickets for himself and Lionel Rose to the races in Melbourne. Walking out of his office was a humbling experience. I realised I had just met a man who should not have succeeded because he had everything going against him. Yet Charles Perkins made it to the top. Not bad for an Abo."

PLAYBOY: I'll ask a contentious question. Are you an Uncle Tom or are you the best thing that blacks have got going for them?

PERKINS: I think it's a matter of personal perception. I think all I can do to justify that I am a good thing for Aboriginal Affairs is do the best I can. Obviously I've done some good things and obviously I've made a lot of mistakes — my hope is that I make less mistakes as I go along. I've always tried to give it my best shot, but Aboriginal Affairs is fraught with all sorts of dangers, and your best shot can in fact be your worst shot.

We can all make a contribution even if we are wild and verging on the lunatic side as some of our people are with their statements. Mine is in administration. I want to make sure that the people out there who have got no voice are getting the services they want and getting their needs met. The vocal ones in the urban areas will certainly have their needs met anyway because they'll make sure of that. But those people out there haven't got a voice.

PLAYBOY: I've travelled across Australia with blacks and I suddenly had an inkling of what it must be like to be an Aboriginal: no rights, bashed in the bush, constant fear and degradation. How did you overcome that downtrodden feeling and realise that you were, or could be, on a par with whites?

PERKINS: I never ever stopped feeling like an Aboriginal — that always stays with you. I was born on an Aboriginal reserve, I've been discriminated against as an Aboriginal, I've thought Aboriginal all my life. I'm living two lives; you learn to do that pretty

quickly, pretty easily, and the better you get at it the more successful you are. I don't think that down-trodden feeling ever leaves you. It's like poor whites, brought up in some of the big Catholic families — they've had it hard, they're discriminated against, one because they're Catholic and the other, because they're big families and as a consequence they're poverty-stricken. That stays with them all their lives. And that's why I've found a lot of the Catholic people in sympathy with us, because they understand what it means.

It's a most uncomfortable life to live as an Aboriginal, successful or otherwise, because you're never far from the razor's edge, it's always there, just around the corner, a chance remark. All they have to say is, "The trouble with you bloody coons. . .", and you know that you are a coon, and you are always causing trouble. And then they say, "Sorry, I didn't mean that," but what they did is they've categorised you, and you've always been categorised in their eyes, and you know where you stand anyhow. But for

I remember I was the only Aboriginal playing with a white cricket club. I used to stand outside and they'd give me the glass of lemonade through the window.

them to take that sort of distorted perspective of it, it disappoints you sometimes to think, well, you never really make it.

PLAYBOY: A highly respected Northern Territory black leader told me he demands the right to be visibly drunk at times because he says the white guys can, so why can't he? Yet when whites who obviously drink see him drunk, they tell him he's too good a man to be seen "on the turps". Is this why you don't drink?

PERKINS: I've been the target of many people over the years, and I don't drink and I don't smoke. I've never lived riotously. I've never stolen a penny in my life. I'm not a crook, a criminal. I've never caused unhappiness to anybody deliberately, white or black. And yet, you know, you're always being called names, there's always rumors about you, you've always got to do much better than the white person, you've always got to be much better behaved and you're under a microscope all the time. You can't just be a bit of a drunk now and then, and go and have a good old laugh and enjoy yourself, it's not really always possible. Sometimes among close friendships and groups and so on, but not in the general sense, no.

PLAYBOY: When you went to England to play soccer, did that experience change your relationship to white society?

PERKINS: Sure did. I was living here in this country, and white Australians just really gave us a hard time, in all sorts of ways. We had to have passes to live, to walk around the community. I remember playing with a white cricket club and I was the only Aboriginal in it, I used to stand outside and they used to give me the glass of lemonade through the window. I didn't realise how indecent that was at that time. I thought, well that's the way it is! But even I was rebelling against all of that when I was 15 or 16 and I thought, well, this is no good to me, I'm not going to cop this shit. And I was dissatisfied and angry and bitter, but I didn't know where the answers were. So I got on the boat. I had finished my apprenticeship — which I hated every minute of, the people were all right but it just wasn't suiting me being a fitter and turner — so I got on the boat and went over to play for Everton, in England, and when I landed in England — different ballgame. The white people were even saying, "Hello, see you down in the pub," or "Let's go and have a game of footy and go out with girls." Nobody said, "Hey, listen, I think you're an Aboriginal, aren't you? I don't think we ought to be associating with the Aborigines. I might meet you outside." None of that — English people are lovely and that's why I always dislike Australians when they condemn English people and Scottish people and Irish people and call them Poms etc — I hate those names. Because they were good to me and for the first time ever, I was free, I felt free, I was my own person, I could make my mistakes, I could blossom.

It just broadened my imagination so much and made me relaxed and comfortable among white people, not apologising for my bloody existence as I've always done in Australia.

That's why I was able to then think, right, I'll go back to university. When I came out of the school the bloke said to me, "The trouble with you half-caste people, you've got the worst of both ways — and you're not very smart." I thought, well he's right, because he's a teacher, why shouldn't he be right? And he told me I'm pretty dumb, well I was, I only got one subject out of eight — woodwork. But nobody ever told me to study. Nobody ever allowed me to do any proper homework and what it was all leading towards. I had no mother and father to guide me in the boys' home.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel guilty being prosperous?

PERKINS: No, my wealth is not mine, my wealth is my family and I'm not wealthy anyhow. All I've got is a job which I could lose tomorrow, but I've got no inherited wealth. I've got a job that pays me now, but it's like a lot of Aborigines, they've only just recently come into it in the past five or ten years. It's no problem — we have a shared wealth anyhow. Most of the things that I've got belong to everybody else, I mean I always give a lot of my things out. I don't need

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much money, all I need money for is Coca-Cola, go to the pictures, go for a nice drive, get a good suit like I've got on now, and that gives me a thrill — I don't want for anything else. Because I don't gamble, I don't have shares in companies. I like to have my own house but there's nothing much more I want because I'm going to be dead soon anyhow.

PLAYBOY: Recently, up north, I've met a few obviously wealthy Aborigines, yet when down south discussing these men I was surprised how morally outraged white people were at the notion of Aborigines having wealth.

PERKINS: Some white people want us to walk around with the seat out of the back of our pants. If you can't help yourself, then you can't try to help everybody else. You help yourself first, get yourself okay, and then you can help somebody else, and if you do that, well, then you're better because people will take notice of you, you can give leadership then, you give good advice on the basis of good experience. If you're struggling yourself, then it's the blind leading the blind. We've got to get out of that. We don't have to be extraordinarily wealthy, but let's get a secure financial base, and then you can look around and help others, and people will look to you for leadership then. But if you're sitting in the gutter with them, what good are you to them, telling sad tales that they already know?

PLAYBOY: Fifteen years or so ago whites said Aborigines didn't have much hope of trying to fit into a middle-class society. The thinking was that it's no use a black becoming a lawyer, a doctor, and moving to the city trying to be urban, because even if one black personally made it, all his brothers, sisters, cousins etc would also come to town, pull down his house, make a bonfire in the lounge, and then everyone gets chucked out.

PERKINS: What white people don't understand is that an Aboriginal person who comes to the city has social obligations. Those people from the country have got to come to him because they are obligated to each other, you see. The greatest thing among Aborigines is their kinship system and their social obligations, and that's what white people haven't got. It's a virtue, not a weakness, and people condemn it when they shouldn't. They should praise it and help it along — cement it in so that we can all be like that, blacks and whites, we can be kind to each other. If there's any white person walking down the street, and I mean dozens of times I've helped them, even though they're nothing to do with me. And why shouldn't I? Doesn't matter who it is, if they're a human being, they're black or white you've got to help them.

PLAYBOY: During the 1972 Aboriginal Embassy on the lawns outside Parliament House, things got pretty hot. Finally the black activist Bobby McLeod walked into Parliament House and pulled a gun. What did you think when Bobby pulled the pistol?

PERKINS: It was panic stations. An unknown situation, unpredictable. I thought the worst at the time and that's why I tried to work it out. I thought there were going to be killings because the police were outside with huge guns. I was thinking if they hear a shot, they'll just come in and blaze away.

PLAYBOY: I think it was an amazing situation, but the solution was even more amazing. Bobby was forgiven and that could possibly have been a turning point in black history. After all, 20 or 30 years ago he would most assuredly have been gunned down.

PERKINS: Yes. And he could have been gunned down on that occasion too, it was that close. Just the wrong word, a noise of a very bad kind, a gunshot or something, it would have happened like that. Yeah, he would have been gunned down then.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in the negotiations at that time?

PERKINS: Yeah, I was the one who was negotiating with him. I was the one who put the bullets in my boots and walked out with them.

The greatest thing among Aborigines is their kinship system, and that's what white people haven't got. It's a virtue, not a weakness.

PLAYBOY: Later, one of the reasons Bobby wasn't charged was that there were apparently no bullets in the gun. So there were bullets, but you took them from Bobby and walked out with them?

PERKINS: The gun was loaded in a sense, but whatever remaining bullets there were I took with me. So the gun wasn't loaded. I walked out with the bullets.

PLAYBOY: What drove Bobby to that situation?

PERKINS: Well, what drives lots of Aboriginal people to lots of situations? It just gets pretty desperate at times. You think, well bugger it, we've got nothing to lose. I was involved with him at that time but I wasn't demonstrating in front of Parliament House, I was called back. So we came back and Bobby went peacefully. He didn't really mean any harm to anybody anyhow. He just wanted to make the point, that things were bad, we had to do something about it and some of these people were just sitting on their bums and not caring enough, not working enough at it.

PLAYBOY: To use the vernacular, did you shit yourself at the time?

PERKINS: Oh, I was extremely nervous — there was a lot of tension around and immense concentration on the situation at hand, nothing mattered in the world but

that. Just to solve the problem, disarm the man, cool the situation, nobody get hurt and we go away. If you made the point and got the publicity, that was fine. So there was a purpose achieved. But it certainly caught us by surprise.

PLAYBOY: Of course, after that incident, there were people saying, had he been a white man, he would have been jailed.

PERKINS: I don't think it necessitated jailing.

PLAYBOY: Moving on to the freedom rides which you organised in the 1960s, I've heard some horrific yarns about incidents which occurred — what did those freedom rides mean to you?

PERKINS: I would say the freedom rides were a turning point in race relations in this country for a number of reasons. One, it brought to a national scale, over a protracted period of time, issues of poverty of the Aboriginal people. I'm not saying all of it is gone now either, but it highlighted it. The racism in some of these country towns is beyond belief. Australia has got an unhappy habit of condemning other countries for what it has been practising for years. So it was very dramatic. We didn't know what we were doing really. We just thought it was a good idea, let's get into it. And so we got in a bus and just went out there and when we got out at the place we said, what'll we do now? So we got some placards out and stood out in front of the pubs, RSL clubs, council chambers, the bars and demonstrated. And then it was just unbelievable the spite and the venom that came out. Not from all people, most people just get confused. That's the trouble with Australia — 90 percent of the Australian people are lovely, forgiving, fair go, ignorant of race relations, who will do the right thing if you give them the chance to. But you've got the 10 percent sections of the RSL and so on, and some of these racist mayors in the towns. In Walgett, black soldiers weren't allowed to go into the RSL except once a year, on the day of the march. Other days they were not allowed to be members even. Twenty years after, I went back to the Walgett RSL. First time I'd been back since. I walked in the door and the bloke says, "Hey, you're not allowed in here, you made trouble here last time you was here." I fell over. The same bloke was at the desk and as soon as I walked in he said, "I know you, you're that troublemaker." I said, "Shit, mate, do you really remember me?" He said, "Of course I do, you made trouble out the front here." I said, "Well mate, you deserve to throw me out for recognising me and remembering that the instant I walked in here after all those years." I said, "You deserve a medal." Anyhow he threw me out! I wasn't allowed in.

PLAYBOY: It must have been the biggest shock in his life. You know, the first time people were actually confronted with Aborigines who were standing up and saying, these are our rights. It must have put

the fear of God into some.

PERKINS: It did. In all those country towns it was such a big event that we just took the headlines. It was started mainly by Ted Noffs, he's the one who organised behind the scenes, and blokes like Kevin Martin and a few others from the University. People like Frank Walker who's a member of Parliament. Frank and I don't get on too well now, I think he's gone a little into himself. He's not so co-operative and happy. He's gone bitter because of politics in NSW, I suppose. But they were all pretty good. They all played a part. We didn't know each other that well but we thought we would get out and have a go, with surprising results. It was a very dangerous situation. I was threatened dozens of times, given a punch-up here and there. Nothing very vicious, just a few swipes and a bit of a whack, and rotten eggs all over me. I was spat on incessantly.

PLAYBOY: One of the things I learned from travelling with Aborigines was that I don't think I could cope with being Aboriginal. Just that indignity of being pushed around. One night I was with several blacks in a Ceduna camping ground and after the pub closed whites lined the camping ground with their cars, then turned their headlights on and just sat there. The tension was shocking, and it made me really angry. I don't know how long I could take being treated like that before I snapped.

PERKINS: That happens a lot. When we got into town at Walgett, the whole town was out in the street, they couldn't believe it. It was the biggest event they ever had in their history, and all the blacks from the shanty towns and everywhere were listening and they started to argue on our side. And that was it, the revolution was started, mate, and we couldn't get a word in. "Don't you talk to me about how you're giving blacks a fair go in this town. Why don't you stop sneaking around the shanty town there and taking off all the Aboriginal women? There's your wife, why don't you tell your wife how you do it, how you sneak around with black women at night?" Oh Jesus, it all came out. The same in Moree at the baths, where we locked ourselves on the rails. The mayor came and led us away and the police, oh there was bottles of beer flying through the air, and I got bopped on the back of the neck and knocked down and got up again, and a bloke got a big egg and splat it on my face, and a bloke just walked up and physically spat on me, right down my face and everything. Other blokes poured sand on us but you just can't do much about it. What do you do — punch up a hundred people? It was terrifying, because it could have got out of hand, and if you didn't keep your cool, anything could have happened. A lot of people could have got hurt see, innocent people.

But one Aboriginal bloke was with us, we picked him up from South Australia and he thought he was coming for an ordinary ride around the countryside. He said, "Hey

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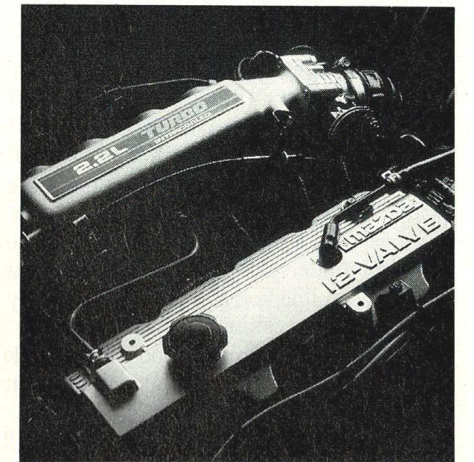
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"We could have got uniform land rights if it wasn't for the Central Land Council."

brother, I thought we just going for a little drive. What are all these people yelling at me for? I never done nothing to them." I said, "Mate, that's the way they are. We just gotta cop it. Don't you say anything." He said, "No, I won't say anything, but I never hurt any one of those people in my life." He couldn't understand it, because he was a very peaceful person and he wondered why everybody was calling him a nigger.

PLAYBOY: Do you think if you went back to some of those towns you would get a similar reaction today?

PERKINS: No, definitely not. That's all changed. You don't have that overt racism anymore, to that extent and so deeply ingrained. It's just disputes and conflicts that arise now and then. There's still a lot of racism there, but it's more sophisticated. But then there's no economic base for Aborigines either. We've got to get an economic base for Aboriginal people around Australia so they can stand on their own two feet with a bit of dignity.

PLAYBOY: On to politics. Malcolm Fraser wanted to sack you in 1980. Lately you've been saying you're quite fond of Fraser and you've called him shy. How well did you work with him?

PERKINS: Really good. I wouldn't know anything about his economic policy, I'm no great commentator on that, but on Aboriginal Affairs he was very good, he was sympathetic and understanding and wanted to do the right thing. I don't think he always received the best advice from people around him but he got the best advice we could give him from here. It didn't surprise me when he went on the international scene. He was always strong about South Africa. We wouldn't have got our Aboriginal Development Commission Bill through to the Parliament if it wasn't for Fraser, because of the racists from the Country Party.

He wanted to sack me at one time but that was when I led the march in Brisbane just preceding the Commonwealth Games; he condemned me for that. But he had pressure applied by Bjelke-Petersen, who was the one who really wanted me sacked. He had deals going with Bjelke so I was the

sacrificial lamb — I had to go. And I told him, "I'm not going," and I said, "I don't care what you think. If you want to sack me, you go ahead and sack me, but I'm not moving."

PLAYBOY: What were Fraser's real reasons for wanting to sack you?

PERKINS: Well, I was saying things about the Federal government and about the Queensland government, which were embarrassing him before the Commonwealth Games, and I wasn't supposed to do that. See, the problem here in this country, everybody wants to say things, but not all of them have got the guts to do it. You know people condemn me for it, some of the public servants, and some of the politicians, they say, "Oh how can he get away with saying that?" But what's stopping them from saying it? They'd rather it boil up inside of them and they haven't got the courage of their convictions. Some people say, "Oh, what if every public servant spoke out about things?" I say, well what if they did? I mean what is to happen? If a public servant has got something to say of any significance, then why shouldn't he say it?

PLAYBOY: Of the 14 ministers you served with, which were the best and which were the worst?

PERKINS: Clyde Holding was the best, followed very closely by Chaney. Those are the two best. Then I'd say Ian Viner.

PLAYBOY: And why Holding and Chaney, what did they offer?

PERKINS: Chaney was an understanding, sympathetic, sensitive person in Aboriginal Affairs and he should have been made the Prime Minister of Australia when Fraser went, if he'd been allowed to go into the Lower House. He was stopped by racists in Western Australia, who still stop him. He saved Western Australia and this country from bloodshed, and they've never given him credit for it, the way he operated in Aboriginal Affairs. Excellent person, excellent character. And Holding, he's been condemned by a lot of people, mainly for the wrong reasons. He is a friend of mine, as Chaney is, and always will be. He's a very humane person. He had a vision of

Aboriginal Affairs far beyond most people. He worked in the most difficult times in Aboriginal Affairs. Ten years ago everybody said, oh, give the blacks a fair go. But everything he did in the past five years was put under a microscope — why? how much? who? what? and all this stuff. Anything that never happened in Aboriginal Affairs was not Clyde's fault, it was either the Aboriginal people or other people who walked out of positions without explanation. We could have got uniform land rights in Australia if it wasn't for the Central Land Council. Certain individuals in the Northern and Central Land Council in the Northern Territory wanted to protect intact (which is quite justifiable as they saw it) the 1976 Act of the Northern Territory. But by doing that, they destroyed the possibility of uniform land rights legislation being introduced throughout Australia for all the other blacks. Yet Clyde got the blame for it. And on a lot of other things as well, he was dealt the blame. What Clyde Holding did, he brought a discipline into Aboriginal Affairs that had been missing for some time, getting away from the rhetoric, all the bullshit, getting down to what can we do and what can we achieve, and how long will it take, and how much will it cost, and who's going to get the benefits. He did all of that. And it took three years to get that discipline into it, identifying the lunatics in Aboriginal Affairs. And now we're ready to say okay, let's get into it and produce some results. That's what he did. He was a gentleman, and he's one of the people I have always respected and that's why I put him number one.

PLAYBOY: And are you prepared to name the worst ones you've ever dealt with?

PERKINS: Well, I won't — I'd say two people that I didn't get on very well with were Ian Wilson and Senator Cavanagh. I'd put those two people equally, of the people I didn't get on well with. We didn't agree on very many things.

PLAYBOY: People are now very curious about what Aborigines really do want, because they know something is happening. Ten years or so ago it was mostly rhetoric and waffle, but now black rights is seriously about land rights and money, two very important issues to a white society. Now that you appear to be getting some of the things you want, people are taking you more seriously and asking just what is going on.

PERKINS: Yes, there's more calculated opposition than there was before.

PLAYBOY: Yes, and land rights is a subject I want to get on because you've said Aborigines are already the greatest land owners of pastoral property in Australia.

PERKINS: That's right, collectively. But they don't get the results out of them, they don't achieve much as a consequence and there's got to be a sort of a pool of all of those resources so we can get benefits from them in tangible terms. There's no good having a pastoral property if you're not running

(continued on page 108)

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he's the ringleader because punching's his bag. he's . . .

TYSON THE TERRIBLE

BACK IN THE early '60s, when Floyd Patterson was still heavyweight champion of the world, an intelligent and high-spirited boxing writer named Jack McKinney was passing an afternoon with Cus D'Amato, talking, among other things, about Patterson's upcoming fight with Sonny Liston.

D'Amato, of course, was Patterson's manager.

In its way, it was a melancholy conversation. The question was not if Liston would win, but if Patterson — a limited fighter — would be maimed. D'Amato cared more for the fighter than the title.

"Cus had an extraordinary vision," McKinney said, remembering that conversation, "although he didn't need it to see what was about to happen to Patterson."

And then, after they talked about Patterson and Liston and Johnson, and the way things were, and the way they ought to be, D'Amato leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling, and began to talk about a different kind of fighter.

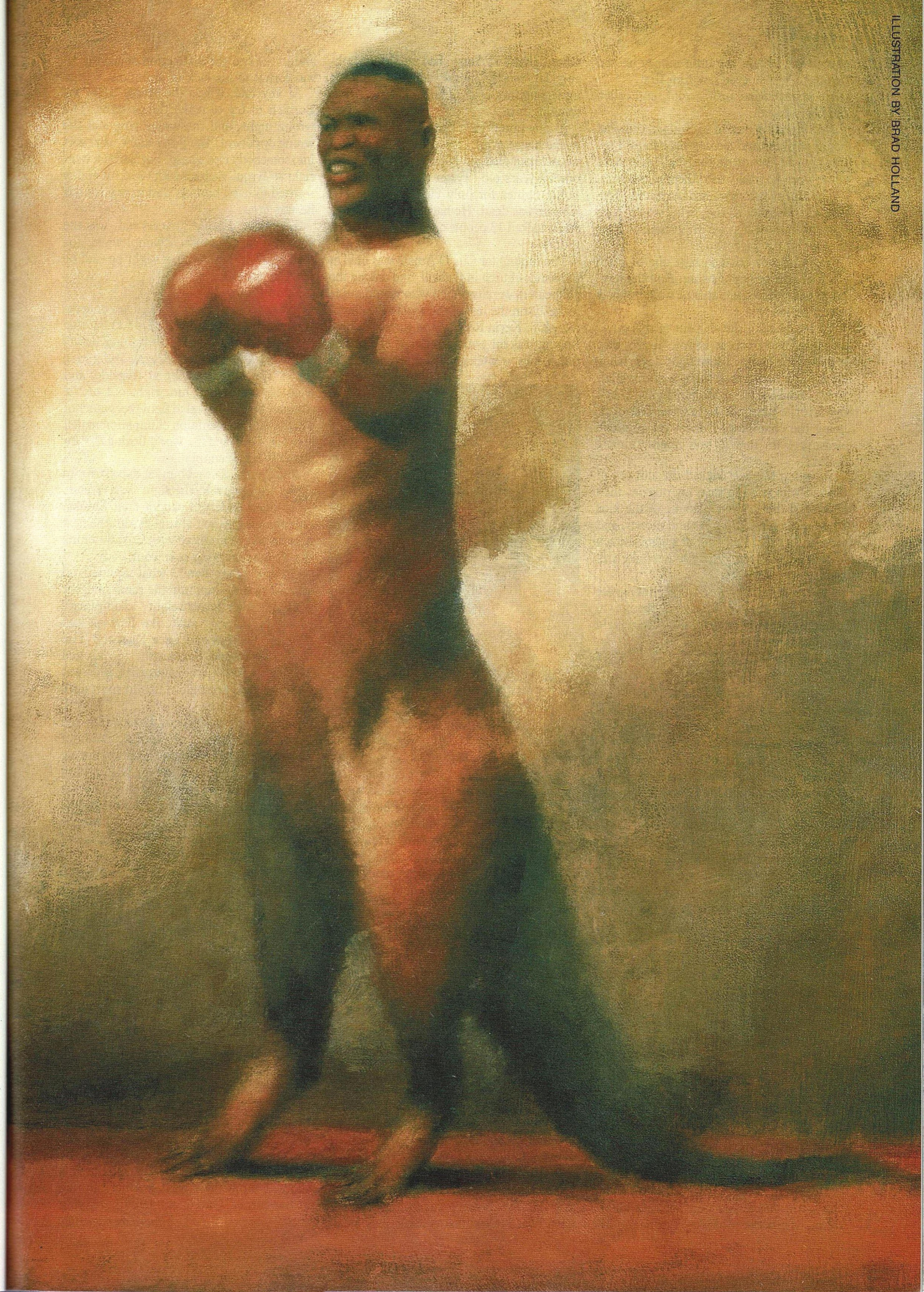
He told McKinney that if he could find the right athlete — someone with intelligence, concentration, hand speed, co-ordination and courage, and who had never boxed a minute — that he could turn that athlete into a world champion.

"He wanted someone fresh, who hadn't been around boxing," McKinney said. "Usually, by the time you were good enough to be noticed by Cus, you would have acquired habits that couldn't be changed. Things had been set in motion."

Six or seven years after that conversation, a child was born in an unhealthy part of Brooklyn called Bedford-Stuyvesant to a woman named Lorna Tyson. The youngest of her three children, he was the most like her: timid, soft spoken, shy. He played mostly with his sister. On the streets of Bedford-Stuyvesant he was sometimes called "little fairy boy", and there was no place safe for him outside his apartment.

When the boy was 10, his mother moved from Bedford-Stuyvesant to Brownsville, which is also in Brooklyn. The neighborhoods are different in that in Brownsville the weak and the timid are not teased, they are eaten. The boy was beaten up again and again, his

*PETE DEXTER
PROFILES MIKE TYSON*



shoes were stolen, the little money he had belonged to whoever saw him first.

He kept pigeons on the roof, and called them his babies.

I am thinking now of his square, dimpled hands stroking and feeding his babies; I am thinking of the revelation that must have come when he finally used them as weapons.

The story, of course, has been told. Ten-year-old Michael Tyson, who would turn over his shoes or his coat or his money, drew the line at his pigeons.

An older boy tried to take one of them away, and he began to swing. And the revelation was not so much that he won, but how much he enjoyed it.

"I was beating the shit out of this guy," he said, "and I was so happy. To this day, it makes me happy. I love fight days, when all the talk is over and there is nothing left to say, nothing left to do but fight. That's my favorite part, the fight. The rest of it, being the champion, I don't get so much pleasure from that as you might think I would."

So young Michael kicked the shit out of the kid who tried to steal his pigeon, then he kicked the shit out of some of the kids who had stolen his clothes and money, and then he kicked the shit out of a whole bunch of people who just seemed to need the shit kicked out of them.

Older members of the Brownsville community noticed him, and began to include him in their activities. "They held the guns," he told *Sports Illustrated* last year. "I just put everything in a bag. I was 11 years old."

The stealing bothered Michael's mother, and it bothered the cashiers in the stores that were being held up, and eventually it bothered the police. And so, just when he'd finally adjusted to Brooklyn, Michael found himself moving to the Tyron School For Boys in upstate New York, which is sort of a prep school for youngsters trying to get into Attica.

And it was there, at 13 years old, that he met a man named Bobby Stewart who taught him the fundamentals of boxing. Five years before, Stewart had been a national Golden Gloves champion, which is to say he can fight.

Stewart took the boy to his friend Cus D'Amato, who watched him spar three rounds, talked to him a few minutes, and saw the fighter he had been waiting for all his life.

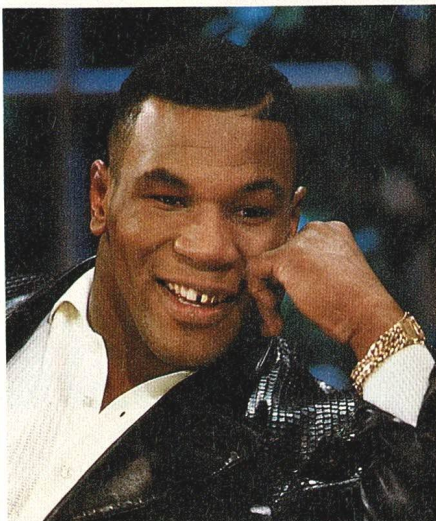
D'Amato had become reclusive in the last years, at least as distrustful of the promoters like Don King and Bob Arums as he had been when the sport was owned and operated by guys like Bernie Carbo and Blinky Palermo. He lived in a large farmhouse, outside Catskill, New York State, overlooking the Hudson River, and trained his fighters in the gym on the third floor of Citizen's Hose Company No. 5, in town.

He educated the boy in his house, and in this gym, and if you were looking for the difference between Mike Tyson and the

other fighters D'Amato had taught, it probably lay mostly in the depth of Tyson's understanding of the things D'Amato was teaching him.

At any rate, Tyson stayed with D'Amato in the house overlooking the Hudson until the old man died, on November 4, 1985. He was 77 years old. Tyson was 19, a professional fighter for only eight months. His mother was dead. He had fought 13 times, and knocked 13 people out, Nine in the first round.

The funeral for Cus D'Amato was held at a Catholic church in Catskill, and among the pallbearers were two men who would guide Mike Tyson the rest of the way to the championship, Kevin Rooney and Jimmy Jacobs. Rooney was the embodiment of D'Amato's philosophy — a tenacious welterweight who



Part of his appeal is a return to a time when the heavyweight champ could fight.

had fought successfully without exceptional tools — and would take over as Tyson's trainer.

Jacobs was one of Tyson's co-managers, and as devoted to the old man in his way as the kid was. He is the owner (along with Tyson's other manager, Bill Clayton) of the greatest collection of fight films in existence. The number is close to 26,000. He and D'Amato used to show up from time to time in Philadelphia and show them at benefits for retired fighters.

Jacobs was also arguably the greatest handball player who ever lived, and perhaps because of his own success as an athlete he could appreciate boxing and its players the way D'Amato appreciated them — in a pure way, for the sport itself.

A year and two weeks after D'Amato's funeral, Jacobs and Rooney had Mike Tyson in a boxing ring at the Las Vegas Hilton with a heavyweight fighter named Trevor Berbick, whom you would call undistinguished, except he happened to be the World Boxing Council (WBC) heavyweight champion of the world.

Berbick had once survived 15 rounds with Larry Holmes — the first man to do that after Holmes became champion — but he hadn't tried to win that evening, only to last,

and in the end the distinction of staying 15 was forfeit to his lack of ambition.

At any rate, it was the wrong night for Berbick to try to make things right. The wrong night, and the wrong ring and the wrong opponent. You never know what gets into somebody else's head, but Berbick went right at Tyson — a man with twice his ability — tried to back him up, and in two rounds he was gone.

And Mike Tyson, 20 years old, was the youngest heavyweight champion in the history of the sport. That night he said he felt Cus watching.

I don't know.

I've never been much of a believer in being watched by the dead, but I do know that Michael Spinks, the man who took Larry Holmes's International Boxing Federation (IBF) title, was watching at ringside, and what he saw scared him right out of the contract he had signed to fight the winner of a heavyweight champion elimination match between Tyson and the World Boxing Association (WBA) champion.

And Spinks allowed himself to be stripped of his title to avoid the fight with Tyson.

On one hand, you cannot fault Spinks. One minute you're fighting Tyson, the next minute you're up there with Cus, watching the doctors working over your body.

On the other hand, what Spinks did seemed to drop him into the same category with the other heavyweight "champions" of recent years — guys like Berbick and Pinklon Thomas and Greg Page and Tim Witherspoon and Boncrusher Smith and Michael Dokes — who cheapened what was once the most prestigious title in sport until it had no meaning.

You cannot talk about cheapening the heavyweight title, of course, without mentioning the three ruling bodies of boxing — the WBC, the WBA and the IBF, each of which has the integrity of a down-market pimp. In the long years since boxing was divided into ruling bodies, you sometimes forgot that being heavyweight champion of the world was a serious job.

And part of what Tyson holds out is a return to that. It is part of his appeal, a return to the time in America when the heavyweight champion of the world could fight.

I probably ought to point out here that to get the fight with Berbick, Tyson had to sign for two additional fights with King, but beyond that King has no hold. More to the point, he has nothing that Tyson needs.

I caught up with Mike Tyson in Catskill, New York. It was two months before the fight with Boncrusher Smith, his first day in the gym since taking the title from Berbick.

The gym was once an auditorium, and Tyson was undressing in a room off to one side of the stage. Jeans, a sweatshirt, tennis shoes. I think there was an American flag in the corner. One of the truly horrifying

(continued on page 100)





NATURALLY, KARI

A girl who's nice ends up in Miami Vice.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR AND STEVE WAYDA

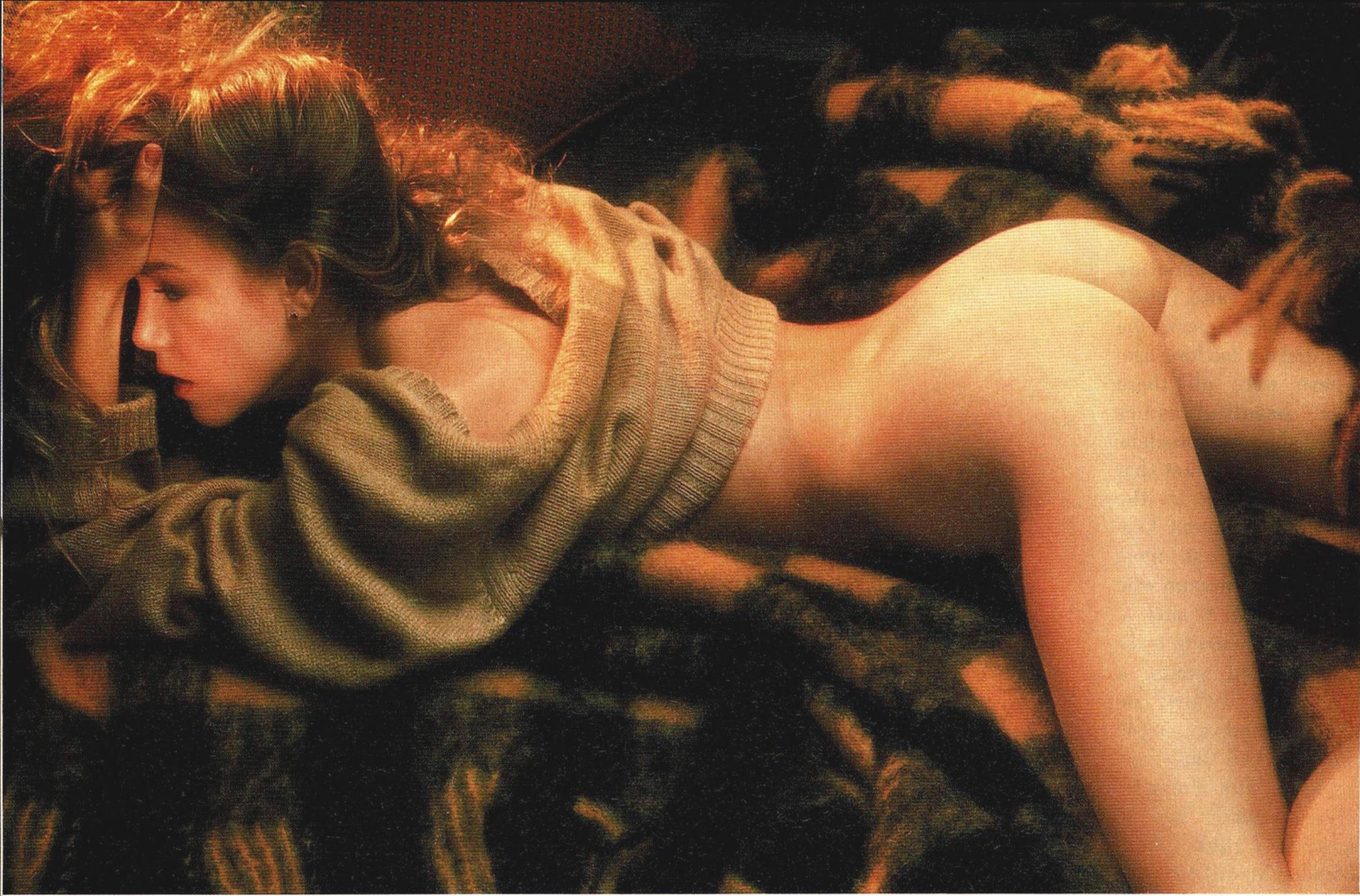




Kari Kennell is wearing skin-tight black pants, a floppy grey sweater (which she's forever pulling away at the neck so that she can blow cool air downward) and she's talking about a party she attended not too long ago. "There were all these glam, beautiful ladies there," she says, somehow overlooking the fact that she's no slouch in the beauty department herself, "but I was most taken by this woman who was a *natural* beauty — you know, wearing ordinary pleated pants, a plain white T-shirt, no make-up and a simple ponytail. And that's how I'd like to think of myself."

But actually, it's no surprise that Kari Kennell identifies with things natural: she was born in scenic hill country and spent most of her school years bouncing back and forth between the hills and her parents' beach home. Ultimately, however, it would be Kari's talents as an actress that would sweep her away from the quiet life and into the fast lanes of showbiz. "On a holiday jaunt to Florida I landed two jobs on *Miami Vice* — once I was a rollerskating waitress, the next time I was a stoned-out girl tied to a bed — and I was hooked. I wanted to learn everything there was to know about acting." With some promising acting gigs on the horizon ("the *big* role hasn't come yet, but I'm always at that final call-back"), you can be sure that Kari has *arrived*. "I don't believe in promiscuity," says Kari, "and I feel very strongly about that. Sex is not a playtoy. It's a beautiful, natural thing that should be shared only with someone you love."









THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

POL
POTBy **GAIL SHEEHY**

As the Vietnam War entered its final phase in the early '70s the US started to bomb North Vietnam's lines of communication within the borders of Cambodia. Prince Sihanouk, the prime minister, had refused to take sides but, in 1970, he made the crucial mistake of leaving the country, at which point his army chief, Lon Nol, staged a coup and threw his hand in with the Americans. This was a fruitful atmosphere in which the communist guerrillas, the Khmer Rouge, were able to extend their influence among the peasants, so that by 1975, in the wake of the American capitulation in South Vietnam, Cambodia was ripe to fall into Pol Pot's hands.

For four years Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge conducted the most bloody genocide, without exception, since the Nazis. At the same time they so alienated Vietnam's new rulers that in January 1979 they deposed Pol Pot, chased his army into Thailand and set up a puppet government under Heng Samrin.

This story shows why successive Australian governments have steadfastly refused to accept any alternative which includes Pol Pot.

IN 1978 A Yugoslavian news team reported seeing not a single poster or image of Cambodia's new leaders — "the phantoms", as they were called. The Yugoslavs filmed perhaps the only TV interview with the man whose *nom de guerre*, Pol Pot, would become synonymous with the reign of terror and stalking death. A short, round man with a brush cut, he smiled incessantly as he spoke in the film, an immense, gummy smile: "I come from a peasant family, like my parents. According to custom, I lived for six years in a pagoda. For two years I was a monk. I couldn't enter college immediately as I had failed my exam. I later graduated from technical school. I was given a scholarship to study in France. I was a first-year graduate student, but later I spent much time in the student movement; they took the scholarship away."

In fact, the man later known as Pol Pot was born Saloth Sar to a family of well-to-do landowners who employed 40 laborers and

who had earlier had relatives in the royal court. In France he attended the undistinguished *École du Livre*, a school for typesetters and printers; later he halfheartedly studied radio engineering. In Cambodia, a country of diploma snobbery, Pol Pot was a dropout. He left France with no diploma but in love with Marx and politics.

Ieng Sary, also from a family of well-off landowners, did not get beyond his second baccalaureat exam in Paris. Khieu Samphan was the only one of the leaders-to-be who could qualify as an intellectual: he had written a doctoral dissertation, although his grades were only average.

It was these three and the wives of Pol Pot and Ieng Sary, politically rivalrous sisters, together with four other men who had failed even their entrance exams, who formed the leadership of the Khmer Rouge. Dubious scholars all, this group of left-wing Khmer students in Paris in the early 1950s took literally the French Marxist canon, "The bourgeoisie must be eliminated." Prince Sihanouk, who later became allied with and exploited by them, described their intentions: "We want to have our name in history as the ones who can reach total communism with one leap forward. So we have to be more extremist than Madame Mao. . . . We want to be known as the only communist party to communise a country without a step-by-step policy, without going through socialism." The logic, Sihanouk advised, was to be found in the library of the Sorbonne, in Khieu Samphan's doctoral dissertation.

The method they chose was genocide. The means they employed were mass killings, forced starvation and untreated disease. Neither pragmatism nor humanity ever tempered that plan. Cambodia had the misfortune to become the first human experiment in instant communism.

It was a program that had less to do with ideology than with the lust for power of C-minus students who had mixed together the slogans of café communism with mail-order Maoism — understanding nothing and having experience with nothing. Nor could the genocide be marked down to a single deranged leader. It was not madness but logic, albeit a logic of simple minds and megalomaniacal proportions, that destroyed Cambodia.

But how, if the Khmer Rouge numbered only a few thousand in 1970, did their strength grow to between 100,000 and 180,000 by 1975, enough to subdue a country of 7 to 8 million? Pol Pot began by ingratiating his movement with the Other Cambodia — but that was not a countryside of miserable, dirt-poor peasants ripe for the communist message.

When Pol Pot, Khieu Samphan and Ieng Sary returned from Paris to Cambodia, they activated the small cadres of revolutionaries who had been hiding out in the jungles.

Through the '60s they also recruited from the margins of society: the social outcasts, the most remote hill tribes, and the youngest and poorest peasant boys whose greatest status symbol was the gold in their front teeth. Offering these 10 to 13-year-olds the far more potent status of belonging to a secret army, the Khmer Rouge remade their recruits into toughs, unencumbered by any emotion save total devotion to their faceless, supposedly supernaturally powerful commanders. Pol Pot and his colleagues provided their students with no study of Mao's thought and no awareness of the Cultural Revolution sweeping China. As one student in the jungle reported, "We listened to Radio Beijing and picked up slogans from China, such as 'Paper Tiger'. . ." Recruits were promised that at the end of the revolution they could have their pick of the prettiest girls and return to their peaceful villages.

Pol Pot later admitted that he was proud of using these "national minorities" as his "backing base". When government soldiers

Once the Khmer Rouge were victorious, Sihanouk and his wife were placed under house arrest and several of his relatives were killed.

later found themselves fighting these wild and belligerent brothers of Khmer blood, the taste for battle dissipated. Often their government didn't pay them anyway.

In the outlying provinces, the Khmer Rouge organised small groups of volunteer work teams. The recruits followed orders to ingratiate themselves with the villagers by helping them raise a dam or build a dike or harvest rice. Their leaders imposed no political message at first, and they were fiercely puritanical: "Making free" with peasant girls was severely punished. As people began to feel friendly toward the leaders of these work teams, the political lectures commenced.

The lectures elicited anger from people against their own countrymen by comparing the lives of peasants with those of the "exploiting classes" of the cities. "Even students are exploiting you," the line went. "They just sit in a room with books having an easy life, while you work all day so hard under the sun." Another target for whipping up anger was the evil foreign power, the United States.

Buddhism and aggression of any sort are entirely incompatible, so anger was an emotion that Cambodians, as Buddhists, were trained from birth not to express and had little experience in controlling. Now the

Khmer Rouge channelled that anger into socially sanctioned violence.

Suddenly, sometime in 1972, the helpful, dedicated young group leaders began to crack down on the rural population. They arrested local village chiefs and set fire to their houses and let it be known that there was to be no further question about who was in control. Many peasants turned against the Khmer Rouge and some escaped to Thailand, but for most it was too late.

Purges of Pol Pot leadership groups began in 1973 and continued throughout the Khmer Rouge regime in repetitive waves. No sooner did clandestine training programs produce new and tougher cadres than the leaders of old groups were replaced and usually executed. That is why by the time of takeover the Khmer Rouge was headed by such young and malevolent leaders. Their commanders fuelled and justified their malice by reminding them of the hard times they had endured living so long in the jungle or mountains. American bombing was blamed for killing their families and destroying their rice fields. "The peasants under Pol Pot could not attack the Americans, so they turned their hatred on the Khmer people who supported the Americans," one survivor explained.

Hanoi hailed the Khmer Rouge takeover and its "radiant prospects of . . . advance for the Khmer people", for which a government newspaper editorial took considerable credit, lauding "the fraternal solidarity in combat that unites the Khmer, Lao and Vietnamese peoples". But virtually from the moment the Pol Pot group seized control of Cambodia, that expedient solidarity knit between brothers in the great anticolonial struggle began to unravel. Hanoi claims that the Khmer Rouge mounted attacks across the border in Vietnam in the first month after their takeover of Cambodia. And Cambodian communist leaders were quoted as announcing, "We have to fight Vietnam because there are 18 of our provinces there, including Prey Nokon [Saigon]" and "We are going to liberate Vietnamese territory because it is all our territory." Pol Pot, Ieng Sary and Khieu Samphan became increasingly hostile to the Vietnamese communist movement, and from 1975 to 1979 those among their lieutenants suspected of being the slightest bit sympathetic toward the Vietnamese were mercilessly eliminated.

The Pol Pot group had brought Sihanouk back to Cambodia in April 1973, just long enough to be photographed, for international distribution, beaming and hugging Khmer Rouge leaders. A few months later, Sihanouk correctly predicted that the Khmer Rouge would suck him dry and then "spit me out like a cherry stone". Once the Khmer Rouge were victorious, Sihanouk and his wife were placed under house arrest and several of his relatives were killed. He was said to be dejected over having been denied "the position he deserved".

(continued on page 114)



"It would never work, Peter. I'm L.A. Law and you're Benny Hill."



*Reformed gossip columnist J.J. McRoach describes an encounter
with an urban myth of the elusive kind.*

Apocrypha Now!

The silly saga of the bride who was screwed on her wedding eve by the best man began, for me, early one Friday morning. But despite the story causing hysteria among Melbourne's Italian community, causing mothers to weep and fathers to threaten violence, it could never be proven, one way or another: it could never be documented as actually occurring, it could never be dispelled. So the damned thing

still persists, still lingers like a bad smell in a bridal boudoir.

People still talk about the story, they ring me, they come up to me in the pub and say: "Hey, did you hear what happened at a wedding reception last week? During the toasts the groom got up and thanked everybody. But then he said he wasn't going to thank the best man because he'd just learned he had screwed the bride-to-be the night before. A punch-up broke out and the bride scarpered."

And this odd little yarn, which I believe originated mysteriously in suburban Melbourne, has travelled widely — first across Australia and then across the world. But before it did that it almost drove me mad. It took hours of stressful toil before I was even prepared to acknowledge that yet again I had been a victim of that insidious beast, the urban myth, the terror of all tattle-and-tell journalists.

But back to the story. It all began, like I said, early one Friday morning as I toiled my Pontiac through the grey, rain-sodden streets of Melbourne's industrial suburbs, heading toward the sleazy newspaper office where I was not-so-gainfully employed as official gossip columnist and gatherer of off-beat yarns. Being a gossip writer is much like being a ferret. The city is the hunting ground and the ground is full of burrows. In some burrows the prey lurks, and the prey is usually one of two animals:

**The celebrity animal*, the best catch. Cornering a celebrity who has committed a sin, particularly of a sexual nature, guarantees a continued flow of pay packets. **Anonymous animals*: unknown people, who are only good value if they have committed sins so outrageous or so gross that their story transcends their unknown-ness and makes them newsworthy. Once run to ground, they're usually easy to deal with because they are naive to the ways of the salacious press and tend to blab, often tearfully, thus giving the game away.

To fill a weekly gossip column you prowl the city, nose twitching for the scent of prey, of victims, and then on Fridays, with your whiskers bloodied from a successful hunt, you turn up at the office and you do your thing, you write your gossip column and, if you're good, you outrage people, you wreck marriages, you ruin people's careers and, on the odd occasion, you might even cause a

suicide. But to reach such a pinnacle of success you must be darned good at being bad.

So, on the particular Friday morning in question, I motored to the office, wipers swishing, radio blaring. I was a lead column item short and worried. On the radio the VFL identity Laurie Serafini was prattling away and then he did it — he spun a yarn about a footy mate of his who went to an Italian wedding reception where the groom accused the best man of sleeping with his bride, and a punch-up was on.

Good news for me, because by following Serafini's item through I would have my elusive lead column item. Great potential. Names of footy stars could probably be mentioned so the yarn had celebrity status. Sex was involved, and the story was mad and bad. Top stuff. I put my foot on the accelerator, roared into the car park, scattering seagulls, whisked into the editor's office and informed him of the state of play. He thought the story was so good it should go into the news pages, and he swung his ace reporter, a grizzled Pom who chewed on stories the way a mangy dog worries and works a discarded chop bone, on to the story as well.

The Pom worked out the day the incident supposedly occurred, then rang reception centres finding out how many Italian weddings had occurred on that day. There were five such weddings and he wangled the names of the families involved, then rang them asking if their bride was the one who slept with the best man on the night before the wedding. Of course the shit hit the fan. Readers with even the slightest insight into the Italian psyche will understand the dramatic effect of such a phone call.

By the end of the day the switchboard was ready to burst into flames — scores of Italians, every neighbor, relative, friend, their priests, their lawyers, were calling, screaming, demanding that their good names not be associated with such sick nonsense. And of course everybody absolutely denied any knowledge whatsoever of such an incident. This did not deter the grizzled Pom from his "investigation". He reckoned that one family, whose daughter's wedding reception was held at the Camberwell Civic Centre, was being shifty and evasive, or to use his words: "The prick's lying."

Consequently the "prick" scored several interrogative phone calls, until he blew his stack and summoned in the lawyers. Finally we believed his protestations of innocence.

Which left us without a story. The editor mulled over the situation and then came up with that dread analysis: "Well, men, I think we're on a furphy."

Furphy is an old newspaper word for a story that gets around which everybody believes to be true but no one can ever prove. Lately the trend has been to call such yarns urban myths or apocryphal tales. Where they begin, and who begins them, is one of the great eternal mysteries of the universe; but possibly the person who starts urban myths lives next door to the person who makes up sick jokes.

And, as I've already mentioned, they persist, they stick under your skin like a Queensland tick. The problem is that it's not all that difficult to prove something happened, but it's damned difficult to prove to a believer that something didn't happen. You can prove conclusively that something exists, but you cannot prove something doesn't exist. If someone tells you there's a seven metre green yowie prowling the Nullarbor Plain, it's nigh on impossible to prove there's not.

And so, with our bride, while we realised we'd probably stumbled on another furphy, there was that nagging suspicion that maybe, just maybe, there was a reception centre we'd overlooked. But then again there probably wasn't.

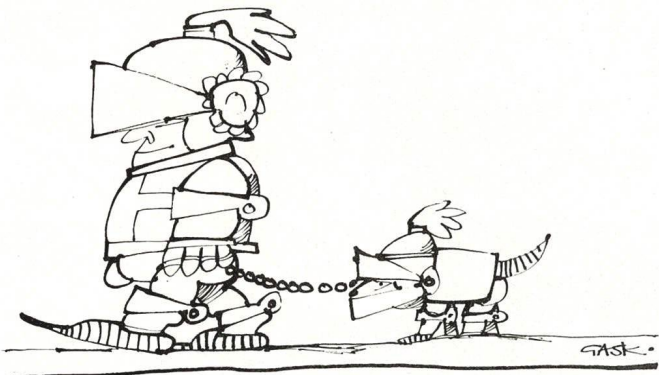
A couple of days after we accepted the yarn was a myth a cadet reporter came in and excitedly informed the editor about the story he'd heard of an Italian wedding that became a punch-up because... but by now you know the story. The cadet was told this story was a myth but, being keen and green, he said he actually knew someone who was present and would call him. Later, sheepishly, he told us that the person who he thought was at the reception wasn't in fact personally present and he'd heard it from a friend of a friend who'd heard it from the cousin of a friend whose mate had been at the wedding, or perhaps it was a friend of the mate's who'd actually been present.

This is one of the tell-tale marks of the urban myth. They've always happened somewhere to a friend of a friend, and they can never be pinned down one way or another.

It was amusing to watch the travels of the bridal myth. Not long after we attempted to give it major treatment it bobbed up as a quick paragraph in an Adelaide newspaper and then, about a week later, a Sydney newspaper reported the incident happening in an outer Sydney suburb.

Then it travelled across the high seas and turned up in a dreadful US newspaper called *Weekly World News*. The *News* billed the story as "Bride's Wedding Shocker", but gave it a slightly different twist, reporting:

(continued on page 112)





REMEMBER SOPHIA?

*A chance encounter with Cristina,
Sophia Loren look-alike
extraordinaire!*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUCIA ARDUINI AND GIANNI FREGHIERI



It happened like this: a *Playboy* photographer and his Italian assistant were walking along a busy street when they first saw her. They couldn't help but notice the woman. At first it was just her walk. A feline, restrained, lingering and, at times, nervous walk. Then it was the legs, long languorous legs. And then, as she came closer, the face: A surprising face. Chiselled features, moist lips, slit-like eyes intent on who knows what. She had the almost-severe enigmatic expression of a woman who causes men to abandon enquiry, to





suspend judgement for the time being. The *Playboy* photographer immediately announced she was a Nastassja Kinski look-alike. But the Italian assistant was adamant. She was a re-creation of the young Sophia Loren. She had, he insisted, an extraordinary resemblance to the all-eyes, all-legs Sophia Loren who was nominated Miss Elegance in those long gone days. While they were debating, she entered a café. Our men followed and heard her ordering cappuccino and sweet cakes. The Italian photographic assistant saw an opening for a line



and said: "Aren't you afraid of becoming fat?"

"Absolutely not," she replied, "I'm a model."

Okay. The answer didn't make sense, but who was to argue? The arrogant tilt of her head suggested she was one of those sweetly stubborn types who are big on order and precision. When told she looked like Sophia Loren, her eyes flickered with bemused impatience. She declared: "Yes, I know it, and I very much hope it will open the doors of success for me. I'd very much like to be an actress."

She added that her name was Cristina Garavaglia, that she was 21 years old, from Milan, and she'd like to do some photographic work.

What you see on these pages is the result of that whim. Enjoy Miss March!

NAME
Cristina Garavaglia

BUST
88cm (35")

WAIST
58cm (23")

HIPS
88cm (35")

HEIGHT
170cm

WEIGHT
48kg

BIRTH DATE
7/8/66

SIGN
Leo

AMBITION
To travel the world.

TURN-ONS
My family, people who show me affection, children, my dog, travel.

TURN-OFFS
Insensitivity, duplicity, lack of professionalism, the wind.

FAVORITE BOOKS
Mario Puzo's *The Sicilian*, Alberto Moravia's *Woman Of Rome*.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS
Sophia Loren, Nastassja Kinski, Al Pacino.

IDEAL MAN
First of all intelligent; good looks aren't very important, however I do prefer the Latin type.

SECRET FANTASY
To enter the world of cinema.



MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Cristina Garza



PARTY JOKES

Two Americans and an Aussie were standing at the top of Twin Towers in New York. One American explained to the Australian that if he jumped off, the wind draught between the towers would bring him back up to the top again. The Aussie replied, "Jeez mate, I'm not that gullible."

"Look," insisted the American, "I'll show you," and with that he launched himself into space. Just before he hit the deck he suddenly came straight back up and landed on the tower.

"Right, cobber," said the Australian, "if you can do it, so can I," whereupon he jumped off the building and fell to the ground and was killed instantly.

At this point the American who had so far remained silent spoke up: "Gee, Superman, you can be an asshole sometimes!"



A girl walked into a bar and was somewhat surprised to see a man and a frog occupying two of the barstools. When she commented about the presence of the frog, the man said: "Lady, this frog has a 30cm tongue and gives great head. If you like to come to my room I'll show you."

The girl accepted the invitation and was soon lying naked on the bed with the frog crouched between her legs.

"Well, do your thing, frog, like I taught you," said the man, but nothing happened. He repeated the instruction, and again the frog did nothing, so finally he picked up the frog and sat him on the bedpost.

"Sit there, stupid, and pay attention," he said, "because this is definitely the last time I'm going to show you how."

In his usual brutish way, the chief bo'sun's mate was bullying the men assigned to paint the ship. Shouting down to the sailors suspended over the side, the unrelenting seaman yelled, "Hall, you paint like I fuck."

"Is that so, sir?" Hall replied, looking up. "Did I get it on my face?"

Our unabashed dictionary defines *fellatio* as the taste of things to come.

Dad," the 13-year-old boy asked, looking up from his social studies textbook, "what did you do during the sexual revolution?"

"Well, son," his father replied, "I guess you could say I was captured early and spent the duration doing the dishes."

Two white men and a black man were removed from a South African courtroom after receiving their sentences. While they were en route to prison, the first white man turned to the second and asked, "What'd you get?"

"Two goddamn years for murdering a black man," he moaned, adding more cheerfully, "but I'll be out within a year for good behavior. What about you?"

"Six goddamn years for murdering a black family. But I'll be out in three with good behavior."

After a short silence, they both turned to the black man and asked what he had got. "Life," he replied, beginning to weep. "I got fucking life for riding my bike without lights. But," he said, brightening, "I should be out in 15. It wasn't even dark."

When the customer asked to have a tattoo of a \$100 note put on his penis, the tattoo artist was taken aback.

"I've tattooed just about everything on everything," he said, "but this is the first time I've been asked to re-create currency on a prick."

"Yeah? Well, if you knew how my wife can blow a hundred bucks. . ."

On the drive home from a party, the wife asked her husband, "Have I ever told you how handsome and sexy you are and how irresistible you are to the ladies?"

"Why, no," he replied, flattered.

"Then what gave you that idea at the party?"



On the day a suit against him was to be settled in court, a prominent politician was called away on urgent business. He told his solicitor to notify him as soon as a judgement was handed down. Later that day, he received a cable that read, "JUSTICE HAS PREVAILED." The politician immediately wired back, "APPEAL AT ONCE."

What has 300 legs and seven teeth? The front row at a Willie Nelson concert.

How can you tell when a Yuppie woman achieves orgasm? She drops her briefcase.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay \$25 for each joke used.



"How would you like to pluck that sucker at this year's Boat Show?"

MINIMUM HEADROOM

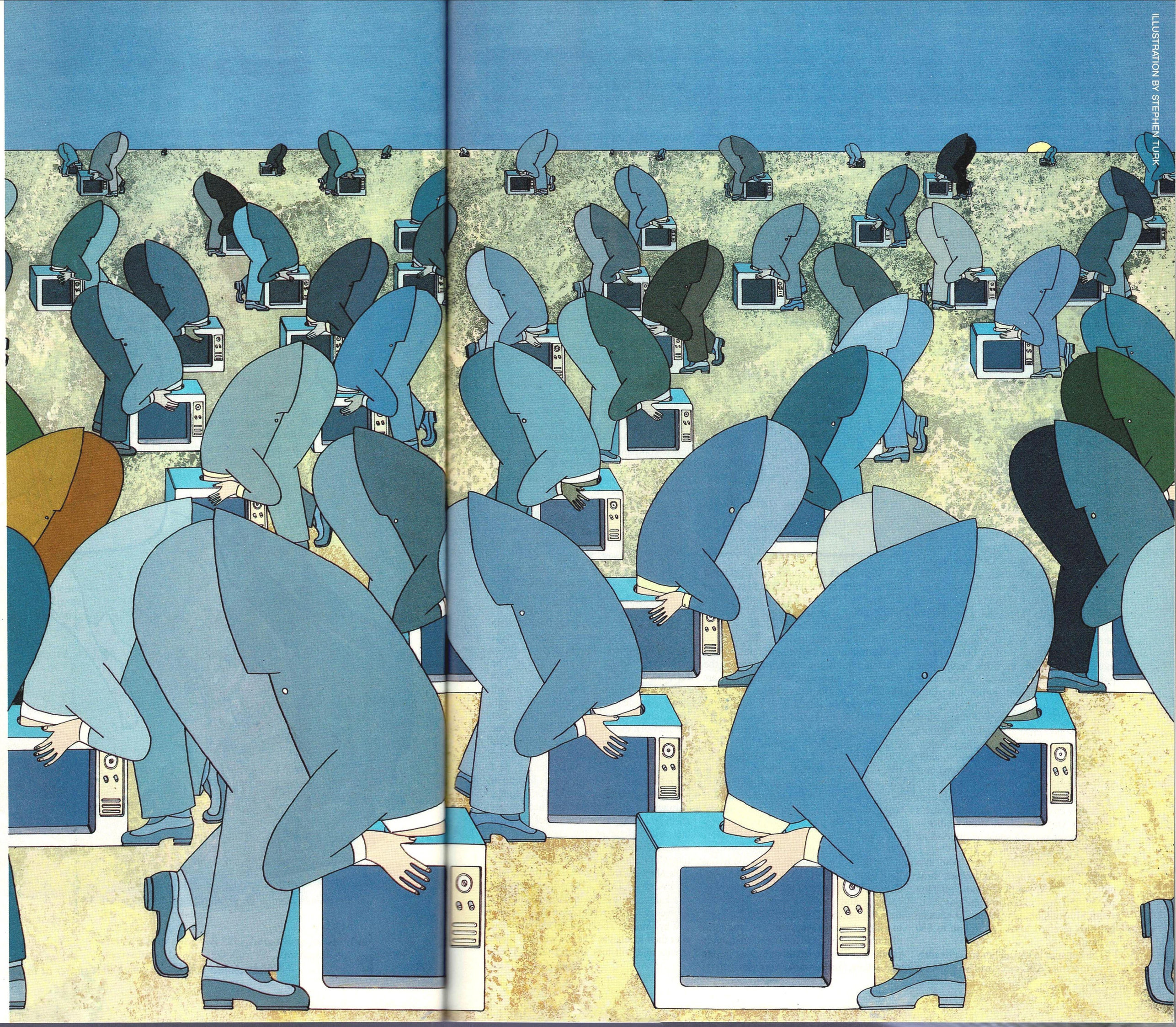
Writers who feed at the trough of prime-time television develop a strong stomach for stale ideas.

THERE IS A popular story in the television business about a psychologist who wanted to replicate that business in his laboratory.

With one group of white rats he installed a small bridge in their cage, and each time a rat jumped over the bridge, the rat was fed a small amount of rat food. The second group was also made to jump over a small bridge, but each rat was rewarded with a much larger amount of a much richer rat food.

Then the shrink stopped feeding both groups after they jumped the

Article by
BENJAMIN J. STEIN



bridge. The first group of rats promptly stopped jumping the bridge and tried other activities. The second group, which had been given the lavish rat food rewards, kept jumping the bridge in exactly the same way until they passed out from exhaustion. Then they revived and jumped until they died.

It's important to remember the story of the shrink and his rats when one thinks about the television business and especially to consider the concept of "rich feeding" when one thinks about just why the television which we buy from the US is so incredibly repetitive, derivative, and unoriginal. That shrink could testify.

The TV business is all about how much money the people who are in it can make, preferably fast.

But, like very few other businesses, the US television business takes in a huge amount of money and supplies that huge amount of money to a very few people.

To wit: a writer of a US network sitcom, a document of about 40 very widely spaced pages, gets about \$45,000, counting reruns and story money. A successful staff writer and supervising producer on a hit sitcom like *Cheers* can and does make close to half a million dollars per year if he gets six scripts on the air.

A writer of hour-long continuing dramas like *Falcon Crest*, if he can get a little producer credit thrown in, can and does make well over half a million dollars per year.

This is just the beginning, the peon level of TV wages. If a TV writer is hot, a studio will sign him up to write pilots for TV series. If the studio really wants the writer, it can and will pay him (or her) \$500,000 to write one hour-long pilot script.

If the sitcom hits and stays on the air for three years, by which time it is syndicable, and if one person both wrote the pilot and has producing credit, his share of the take can be \$10 million. As I am writing this, Jay Patchett is rumored to have been offered more than \$10 million for his share of the proceeds from *ALF*, for which he wrote the pilot, directed the pilot, and produced the first year.

Norman Lear, who started out with a typewriter and a chair and a table and turned them into *All In The Family*, *The Jeffersons* and *Facts Of Life*, among others, recently sold his share of the company for well over \$200 million.

One of Lear's top executives, who got producing credits on many of the maestro's comedies, was bought out of his credits — and he never wrote a show or directed an episode — for \$30 million.

Aaron (Love Boat) Spelling, who also made *Charlie's Angels* and other hits, recently brought his production company public. His share of the ownership is worth about \$150 million. In some recent years he has also received a salary of close to \$30 million.

The bonanza to end all bonanzas recently came to former ABC executives Tom Werner

and Marcy Carsey. They left five years ago to form their own TV production company. One of their first ventures was *The Cosby Show*. It has been by far the most successful television show — and maybe the most successful communications enterprise — in the history of mankind. It will earn, at a minimum, one billion dollars in syndication before the end of the century.

This sum, after distribution costs to Viacom and residuals, will be split solely among Carsey, Werner, and Cosby. If the split is anywhere near even, all three will soon be in the Forbes 400 Richest List, along with Rockefeller grandchildren, only richer.

That's just at the level of "suppliers" to the television networks. At the network level, the "buyer" level as it's called here, the money is even more staggering. Broadcasting revenues for television now exceed \$12 billion and the great bulk is at the network level. In a good year, network profits, just from the three broadcast networks, can exceed \$1.5 billion.

Like very few other businesses, the US television business takes in a huge amount of money and supplies that huge amount of money to very few people.

The feedstock that determines whether or not a network is making that kind of money is the public's appetite for its shows. A single rating point (the number of households watching television at any given moment divided by one hundred) is worth as much as \$50 million in advertising revenue.

In other words, the stakes for success in the television business are immense, and are immensely large for individuals, and extraordinarily closely linked to the success or failure of the efforts of a few human beings who write shows, produce shows, and choose shows for the networks.

Now you might think that the effect of all that money chasing the "creative" talent in Hollywood, the writers and producers, would be to make them sprout little buds and petals and bloom into a million myriad forms of different, new, and unique television show life, making "a thousand flowers bloom", to use the words of Chairman Mao.

You might think that, but then you would be wrong, and that's just the problem.

The effect of all that money on television creation and production is exactly what dazzling halogen headlights on a BMW are to a little deer on a mountain road: the sums of money involved in Hollywood are literally paralyzing. The amount of money for buyers and sellers, for network execs and writers

in tassed loafers, for producers in Cabriolets and institutional analysts in Manhattan cubbyholes, that amount of money, riding on "creative" decisions, is simply terrifying and overwhelming.

The crush of money pouring in from television makes the little world of television show creation and production into a sort of totalitarian state where mind control is practised. The threat that brings about the mind control is not a one-way ticket to Siberia or imprisonment in a psychiatric hospital. The threat is that if you do not follow the party line, YOU WILL NOT GET RICH.

Joe Blowmovitz, head of night-time comedy at The Network, gets a call from programming chief Grant Robertson saying that their show *Trust Me* is getting killed at 9pm on Thursdays by the shows on the other networks at that hour.

"What we need," says Robertson, "is something wildly new and excitingly different to draw away the viewers who are not really wholeheartedly committed to the other networks."

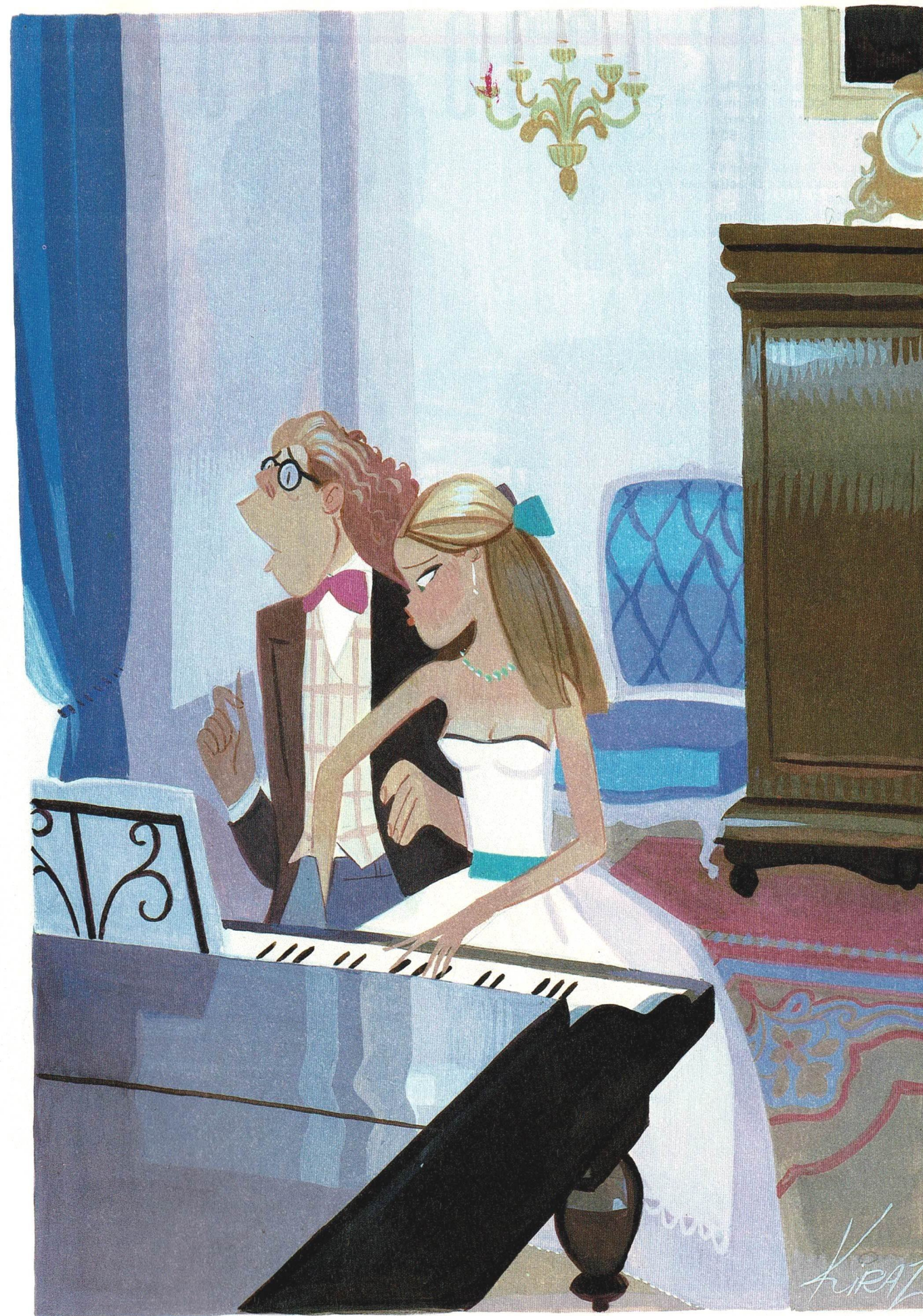
Joe Blowmovitz goes back to his office and thinks. He knows that it's near "pilot season", when proposals for pilots will start pouring in from all of the production houses, ranging from Warner Brothers and Fox to companies you have never heard of. He determines that he will make a big effort to find something wildly, overwhelmingly new and different. In the meantime, he will set up a series of lunches with the major suppliers to tell them that The Network is looking for something good at 9pm on Thursdays that has to be wildly new and excitingly different.

The suppliers all gather up their writers and tell them to start thinking Thursdays at 9pm, new, and wildly exciting and different.

After a few days or weeks, the suppliers all send in their ideas and their pilot scripts to Joe Blowmovitz. Now, surprise, surprise, those pilot scripts will all arrive at The Network with little notes from the producers saying that the scripts in question are all stunningly new and excitingly different. But, upon a halfway decent reading, what the network exec will see is that each one is a slightly reworked version of *The Odd Couple* with teenagers, or *Mary Tyler Moore*, only set in an air force radar station, or *I Love Lucy*, only with two sisters instead of a husband and wife, or *The Cosby Show*, only with a black woman and her mother raising the family instead of a black husband and wife. None of the shows that the suppliers send over will be a real look at life like *Mary Hartman* or a wacky, unpredictable show aimed at a smart audience like *Monty Python*. Every show will be very close to a half dozen basic templates which have succeeded in the recent past.

Why? Money. The suppliers will pow-wow after their lunches at The Ivy with Joe Blowmovitz and will toss around ideas. Then,

(continued on page 110)



"Supple, always keep your fingers supple."

From left to right
 * Lightweight cotton briefs by Pierre Cardin for \$8.95
 * For total winter warmth, Thermalite by Holeproof for \$23 and a YSL terry towelling robe for \$115
 * Polka-dot briefs from Rio for \$3.50 and a Supertex bathrobe for \$70
 * Playboy knickers in cotton for \$7.20 and the full length *piece de resistance* of bathrobes by Ben Sherman for \$140
 * Rio is in on the shorts explosion with this cotton style for \$8.20. The lightweight cotton robe is by Pilroci for \$45



SPECIAL OCCASIONS



Don't get caught out when you need to look your best!

Okay, men, just cast your minds back to that crucial bit of advice imparted at your mother's knee: always make sure that you're wearing a nice pair of knickers. After all, you never know who's going to see them.

Of course, what your mum was talking about was unfortunate accidents — times when a nurse might need to stick something into the fleshy part of your rear end. But it's still worthwhile advice for those of you who are hoping to expose your underwear to someone of a more glamorous nature. So what we'd like to show you is how you can look right for that special occasion — both before, in your knickers, and after, in a bathrobe.

Remember, those pants may be the first glimpse she gets, be they brief jockets for the body beautiful or baggy satin shorts for European elegance, so be sure they convey the impression you'd wish. In the end they could be as important as the precious cargo they're holding. And the bathrobes can do just as much for your sense of self-esteem, even if you don't see yourself just as a lecherous smoothy — they're comfortable, versatile, and downright practical, if you need to get out of them in a hurry.

Fashion by VITEK



From left to right
* Elasticated cotton shorts by Box Canyon for \$39
* Oz On briefs for \$29
* Flashes in cotton by Holeproof for \$3.50
* Cotton briefs by YSL for \$7.50
* Silk shorts by Fine Lines for \$59
Her dress was created on the set by Christopher Essex of Darlinghurst, Sydney.



20 QUESTIONS: JIMMY BARNES

Australia's No. 1 rocker tells it like it is, about recording in the US, live gigs, Cold Chisel and going solo.

Over the past 10 years, Jimmy Barnes has established himself as Australia's leading male rock music vocalist. Born James Dixon Swan on 28 April 1956, in Glasgow, Scotland, his family moved to Australia in 1962 and settled in Elizabeth, South Australia. The Swan parents soon split up and Mrs Swan married Reg Barnes: four young Swans changed their surname to Barnes; the oldest son, John, now with The Party Boys, decided to stay with the name.

After school, Jimmy became an apprentice sheet metal worker at the Adelaide railway yards. He apparently hated the job and decided he wanted to be a singer in a rock'n'roll band.

Cold Chisel had its unremarkable beginning in Adelaide in October 1973. Six years later, it had become the biggest draw-card in Australasia. The first single, *Khe Sanh*, was banned by radio stations for its references to drugs and open legs. In spite of it, it went Top 40.

Three years later, the band's third album, *East*, became one of the biggest selling albums in Australia's modern music history.

But despite its success in Australia, *Cold Chisel* never broke through overseas. It played its last performance on 15 December 1983. One week later, Jimmy Barnes started work on his solo career and played his first solo live show in Townsville, North Queensland, in late March 1984.

Australian Playboy sent Scott Howlett to interview Barnes while he was recording his third solo album, *Freight Train Heart*, at Sydney's top studio, Rhinoceros, in inner-city Surry Hills. Says Howlett: "Jimmy Barnes was one of the original rock'n'roll animals when in Cold Chisel. He often got drunk, swore a lot and didn't take too much seriously. He worked all night and slept all day."

"Jimmy Barnes might carry a brief-case these days, but I'm sure there's a hip flask of vodka inside. He's still a bad boy."

1.
PLAYBOY: Over the past couple of years you've spent equal time in the US and Australia. Do you like working Stateside?
BARNES: No, not really. I've been putting

in a lot of groundwork over there. I think I'll make records here and if they take off I might record there sometimes. But I don't want to spend a lot of time there unless a record starts happening.

I miss home. I've been away from Australia a hell of a lot lately. I don't like being in America for a start, I mean it's nice but I guess I'm used to Australia and I just don't feel comfortable there. They've got a few things they do different over there in the normal way of their life.

2.
PLAYBOY: It will probably be suggested by some that you've sold out to the US market.
BARNES: I don't think so. I don't think the record is that American anyway. If I'm going for the American market I'm definitely not doing it right [laughs] because they think it's really Australian. I think it's a bit of a mixture now.

3.
PLAYBOY: You haven't played live since March and over the past 15 years that's been your lifeblood, your passion. You must miss it?
BARNES: Oh yeah. I hate recording for a start. It's just a drag being in the studio all the time. It's like a fuckin' epic, you know? I've been doing this album for six months or more. I've managed to sneak out a couple of times though.

4.
PLAYBOY: In the past the most important thing for Australian bands was playing live but now this seems secondary to making videos and singles.
BARNES: I think the home studio and the availability of computers and keyboards mean you can get some really good sounds but there are some people who sound better than they actually play. That's got its advantages but it's also got its drawbacks and one of them is that young bands are making records and videos before they ever play a live show. That's a bit arse about face I guess.

I like watching videos, but I don't like making them. It's hard work. You've got to mime and shit like that. I can't mime. I don't mind singing all day, but I don't like miming.

I think videos are important, but I think people are spending too much money on them. . . two million dollar budgets for Michael Jackson to try and convince people he looks like Diana Ross. . . or his sister.

I think there's too much money paid on them. But in America they like to spend a lot of money for the sake of it. Even if it's not a good video, it's like: "How much did you spend on the video?"

"\$500,000!"
"Hey, it's a good video. Hey, this is great."

5.
PLAYBOY: In a recent article you were referred to as "Australia's number one rock'n'roll animal". Clearly, that was true in the past. Do you think the rock'n'roll animal is still strong within you?

BARNES: If they're talking about Jimmy Barnes in 1975 and Jimmy Barnes now, I'm definitely not the same. . . but the instincts are the same. Maybe I'm just not as drunk now. Definitely the goals are the same. I still want the show to go over the top.

6.
PLAYBOY: Are you more business oriented nowadays?
BARNES: No, I'm still not business oriented. I keep an eye on things, 'cause you have to, but it's not something I enjoy. I force myself. It's not the way I think.

I don't particularly like business. One because it's boring. If I wanted to do that I would have become an accountant. And number two, you have to deal with a lot of shmucks half the time. The record industry is renowned for people not quite carrying their weight. But it's something you can't ignore. If you don't keep an eye on it it just gets out of control. You end up doing it all for nothing.

I'm definitely taking things more seriously but only because I've learned I had to. It's not through choice. It's not something I really want to do. I wish I could just hang out and sing and do fuck all. I do really.

It's good to have a say in your career. Like in *Cold Chisel*, I just expected it to be done, I didn't even think about it.

7.
PLAYBOY: Unlike most artists who travel overseas and leave their families or girlfriends behind, you take them everywhere with you. Why?

BARNES: I just miss 'em too much when I'm away. I went to Canada without them and after two weeks I was going crazy. They weren't supposed to come for a month but I got them over that week. It's too special. I don't want to miss anything. You go away for a week and things change. You've got to

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Baby's the Boss



Aussie glamor gal Baby Doll wants to outfox Samantha Fox.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON





Ask Australia's most controversial erotic dancer, Baby Doll, who's the boss and she'll say: "I am." Little wonder then that she wants to kick off her music career with a single called *Baby's The Boss*.

Baby Doll's been letting everyone know that she's the boss since she was sweet 16 and left school. She said: "I just wanted to get out and do something." So what did she do? She travelled to Perth and at the age of 17 became one of the country's most successful erotic dancers. "I was one of the highest paid dancers in the country," she said, "as well as the youngest. I was making up to \$300 for a 15 minute show."

Then came the headlines. Upright Perth authorities disagreed with her

career description, "erotic dancer". They said she was a stripper and she was charged with performing under age. But Baby Doll decided to let the authorities know who was boss. She defended the court case and won. She said: "I rolled up with my lawyer and my little briefcase and I simply told them the truth."

"I told them about my act and said they would see more explicit things on most beaches in Perth. I told them people were legally allowed to make a living at 16, and that I could see nothing wrong with the way I made my living."

"I told them I felt proud because I knew damned well I didn't do





anything wrong. I told them that it's not what you do, it's how you do it." The court was impressed with Baby Doll's argument and found her not guilty. The decision made headlines around Australia. Suddenly she was hot property, and Mike Willesee, Ray Martin and Ernie Sigley invited her to appear on their television programs. She was even interviewed by an American radio network.

Then Baby Doll decided she wanted to do "bigger and better things". Last year she moved to NSW, now she's planning a recording career. "I've been singing since I was a little girl," she said. "I loved every-

thing Barbra Streisand sang, and I'm also a big fan of Dolly Parton, Whitney Houston, and Olivia Newton-John. However, my ultimate aim is to outfox Samantha Fox. I idolise the ground she walks on. She's brilliant because she makes the pages of newspapers and magazines come alive. She's taken the world by storm and that's what I want to do. But I'm not in competition with Samantha Fox, I'm just myself."

Baby Doll's got strong opinions on just about everything. She said her name has followed her from childhood because, although always cute and pretty, she did what she wanted. At first she was called Babs



or Babe. Then, when she insisted she had the right to wear make-up at school, a teacher said she looked like a baby doll. When she was a little older, her figure blossomed. She said: "Everyone liked my breasts and so they started calling me Baby Dolly Parton."

And that's the story of Baby Doll. If you want to know a little more about her, here are her comments about a few of her favorite things.

Food: "My diet is Hungry Jack's hamburgers, pizzas, lots and lots of chocolate, and my all-time favorite food is lobster mornay."

Fitness: "I work at not getting fat and it costs nothing to keep fit. There's a lot of ways of keeping fit, isn't there? And you can use your imagina-

tion about how I keep fit."

Guys: "I like the blond surfy look, and I like my guys to be mentally strong. But I can't handle possessive guys. Sex has got a lot to do with my relationship with guys, but trust, honesty and speaking your mind are also important."

Fashion: "I follow my own fashion, I get clothes designed for me and me alone. I've got heaps, and sequin suits, glo-mesh tops and tight mini-skirts are really me. I believe if you've got it, flaunt it. When it comes to swimwear, I don't follow any fashion because I don't wear any swimwear. I just go nude. I feel free, and I like an all-over tan."



KISS ME

*Do I want to make love to
the lean teen Queen? Think
of the scandal, the headlines
— my execution. . .
mmmmmmmmmm, you bet
I do!*

AN ANCIENT AFFAIR

Fiction by AARON ABBEY

WE BUILD THE pyramids. We use sleds, wheels, ramps, rope, giant rolling pins, levers and vitamin supplements. The foreman hates us. He thinks we are dogs with slow reflexes, and he uses his whip generously, especially on me. Says it hurts him more than it hurts us. A comedian. It bothers us that he holds a position of power. We secretly plot against him during coffee breaks, and one day he finds himself in the shadow of a falling obelisk. A shame, we say, gravity strikes again. But a new foreman, Max, arrives with an even more gruesome demeanor. We secretly plot against him in the locker room after company aerobics class.

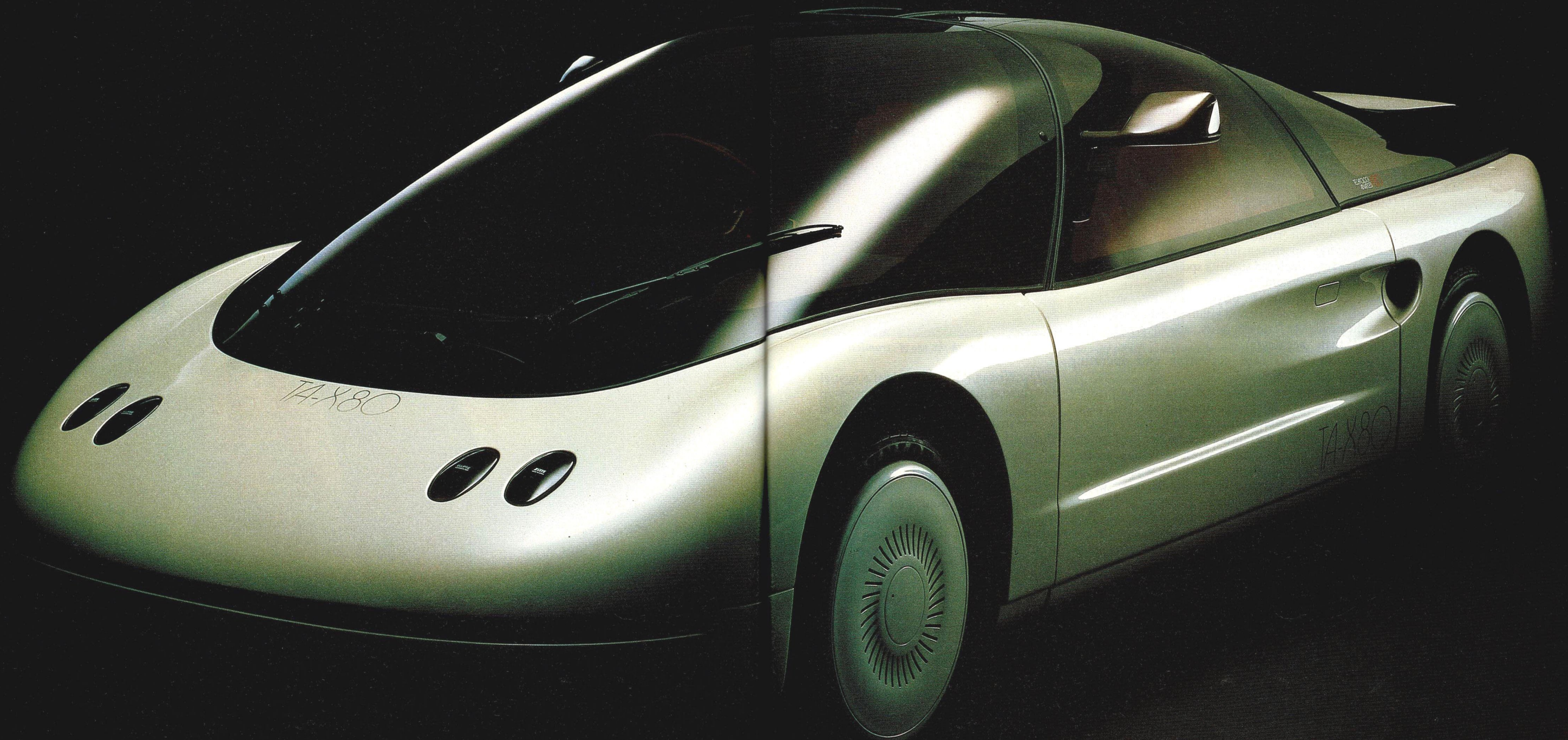
The Pharaoh visits every Wednesday. Each week a new Rolls-Royce of a different color. Or maybe he just repaints the old ones, the strutting bastard. He is an old man of vision: "I picture a promenade lined with boutiques and palm trees," says he, "and glorious fountains spouting pink water in a majestic oval pool with a mosaic by LeRoy Neiman on the bottom, all leading to the pyramid's southern face on which a sundeck, two-thirds of the way up, will feature an Astroturf floor and an endless view of the valley with sunsets selected personally by me from the Impressionist catalogue." His secretary nods and writes it down on monogrammed papyrus.

Nudge hey. Pharaoh's wife, the lean teen Queen in designer jeans, looks us over, cool jewel that she is. Inspecting the troops. Her bosom heaving. She longs for a man with clear eyes and a strong back, so naturally her

(continued on page 115)



HERE TODAY: THE CAR OF TOMORROW



**ROB LUCK TRAVELS TO JAPAN AND
DISCOVERS THE CAR OF THE FUTURE IS NOW
READY FOR PRODUCTION.**

Flashback — February 1987: This magazine, *Australian Playboy*, brought you the car of the future in 2050 — *A Motoring Odyssey*. In the definitive article on the likely super-performance machine of the year 2050 we described in pretty intimate detail how it should look, drive and perform. The article, which was illustrated by top motor industry designers according to our predictions of the future, was hailed by the motor industry around the world (the story has since been reprinted in several other countries). But there was one point of debate — the timing. Our article

postulated a date almost 70 years distant for the arrival of our car of the future. No, no, said the MoTown experts — if anything, it is further away than that. . .

Well, have we got news for you! The "2050 Car" is here now: Future Shock has arrived. It emerged at the recent Tokyo Motor Show, in the shape of some exotic concept cars presented by a variety of manufacturers (all Japanese) — Toyota, Mitsubishi, Nissan, Subaru.

Concept cars are no big deal — manufacturers around the world have been using them for years to showcase their technology. But with these concept cars there was one big difference: they were fully mobile, fully driveable. Right now. In fact some of them were very, very close to production-possible.

This is far removed from the usual run of style cars where it is a standard industry insider joke to lift the bonnet and view the "high-performance sandbags" placed under there to simulate engine weight. And to underscore the point, one of the machines, the Mitsubishi HSR, was sent out on the test track to try for a world landspeed record for its class.

In its first run format, it apparently came so close that the engineers have set a date and applied to the world sport body for an official run. The mark? Over 300km/h!

The Mitsubishi HSR is one of the new breed of "intelligent automobiles" that the world's carmakers are striving for in the next generation of cars. What is impressive about this technology is the way it has been integrated into fully driveable concept cars and the portability of the systems into current production cars.

For example, four-wheel steering, floated off as an interesting engineering concept at the 1985 Tokyo Motor Show, has already been installed in a number of production cars available in Australia right now. Honda won that particular race, with the four-wheel-steer Prelude, but Mazda was close behind. Recently in Australia, Mazda's program planning chiefs, including Michinori Yamanouchi and Takaharu Kobayakawa, indicated that 4WS was already available on most Japanese models (optionally) and could be specified on cars in the near future for as little as \$500, once volume is reached (current cost is around five times that).

The same expectations are held for four-wheel drive, which is offered in Japan almost across-the-board, from tiny city minicars (about the size of a Daihatsu Charade) to the highest and hottest in the range.

So rather than representing exotic concepts of the future, the new wave of Japanese advanced design vehicles are mobile test beds for transferable technology available today.

In fact, although the Mitsubishi HSR "only" achieved around two-thirds of our

hit-list for the car of the future, other vehicles displayed at Tokyo achieved virtually all the other points (although not all together in the one machine). And some even scored some surprising groundbreakers.

High on the list is Toyota's FXV-11, which means Future Experimental Vehicle, a development of the FXV-1 shown two years ago, but this time openly targeted at the market for high performance two-door coupes for the 1990s. Some of its space-tech equipment:

- Crystal canopy, light/thermo sensitive, internally reinforced (invisible structure), continuously bonded to bodywork, and equipped with thin-film ceramics to sense/disperse fog/rain.

- Metal-colored flush rear lamps, composite elliptic headlamps, flush doorhandles, ceramic antennas (flush), automatic wipers, aero-trapezoid form for a 0.26Cd aero body over full two-plus-two cabin.

- Drive-by-wire controls for transmission and throttle (no cables), electronic active suspension, electronic four-wheel steering and four-wheel drive, electronic speed-sensing height control and auto-deployed stability spoiler, traction control system.

- Radar cruise control, accident avoidance and ground-reading scheme (to vary ride-heights, adjust speed, avoid accidents).

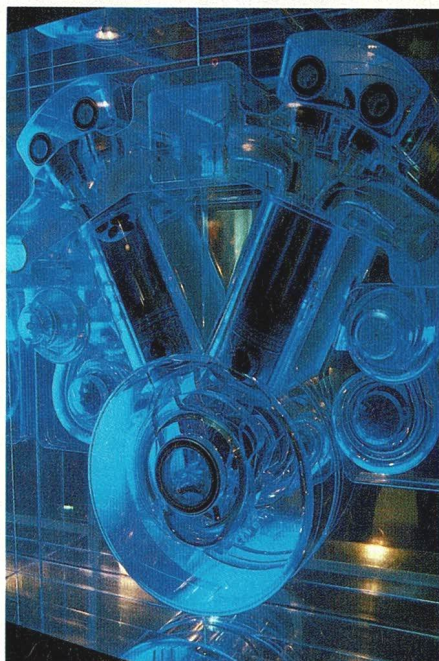
- IC card activating and operating system.

- Advanced interior including priority display instrumentation, IC card-operated multi-functions (master control, information indexes for services, phone directory, toll charges, navigation, accommodation etc), hands-free mobile phone, automatic CD-platter-changer, voice-activated controls, personalised, automatic, electronic seat-profile selection (12-way adjustable), security system, effortless access system (multi-phase door-hingeing), CRT displays, passenger sensor systems (check and balance of seat positions, weights), audio sensor systems (remote-control auto check/balance).

The Nissan ARC-X is another sensational interpretation of the motoring family/sports coupe of the next century. Also production-possible, this V8-powered four-door five-seater employs advanced composite construction materials, extensive use of plastics in the upper body and glasshouse, advanced exterior operation and opening functions (fully concealed wipers, electromagnetic-opening doors), "halide" (or mercury-vapor-style headlamps), multi-function glass etc. The ARC-X has gone down the electronic control road with drive-by-wire throttle, automatic transmission, limited slip differential control and 4WD torque split, and power-steering control.



Inside Subaru's BLT 1-box, starwars style seating and information concept.



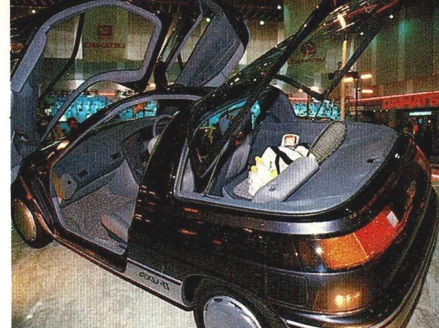
New highs with the use of ceramics!

The Nissan ARC-X employs a spatial instrument display (variation of head-up which minimises eye-focus change from road to instruments), liquid-crystal roof-shade (harnesses heat for demisting, prevents cabin over-heating) beacon navigation, voice-recognition operation systems (phone and other functions), CRT display monitor and computer, "acoustic zoom" stereo system, storage cooling system air-conditioner, and movable control console (moves in tandem with electronically controlled driver's seat).

Like Toyota's FXV it is powered by a sophisticated V-engine (a V6 turbo 24-valve) and it's no accident that the car has similar output and performance characteristics in an almost identically efficient envelope (0.26Cd) since the two big manufacturers are running parallel in technology development.

Isuzu, Daihatsu and Subaru, manufacturers who vie for a lesser share of the massive Japanese and Japan-export markets, have also produced innovative Future Shock designs on different themes.

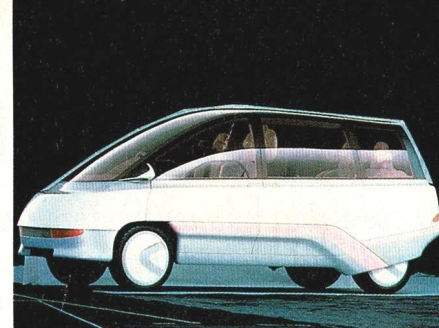
Subaru's flagship is the Estremo (supreme in Italian), with a radical glass-house four-door five-seater cabin, accessed by keyless entry, electronic drive-by-wire controls (throttle, transmission, power steering), and advanced



Toyota Gullwing? Experimental AXV features huge clamshell doors.



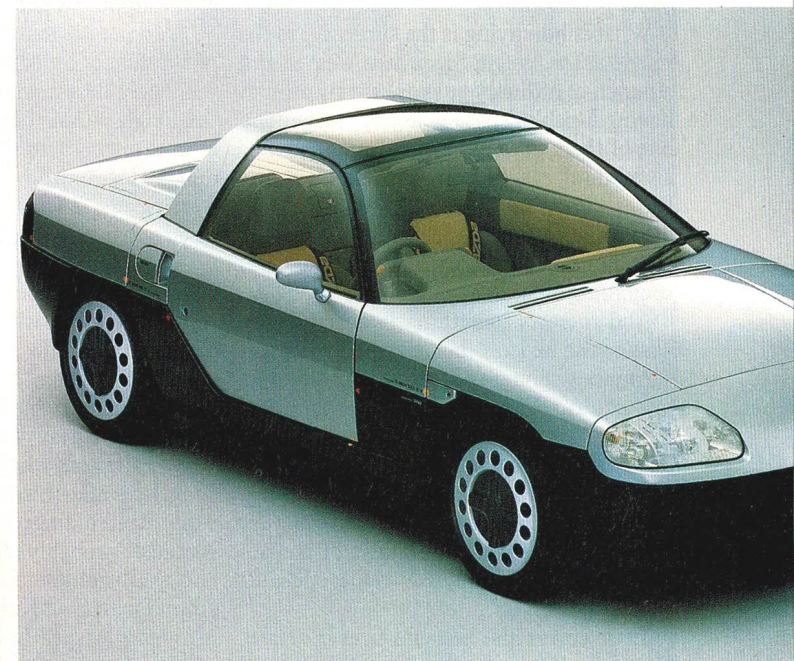
Future shock: Mitsubishi HSR (for High-Speed Research) has already done 300km/h.



Subaru BLT (Business and Leisure Transport) is workable hi-tech on People Mover theme.



Mazda's modular MX-04 utilises pop-off panels to convert from funbuggy to roadster to convertible to sleek coupe.



engine, drivetrain and dynamics (4WS, 4WD, ABS, active suspension). Again it's real, it has conventional engineering underneath, it really drives.

Ceramics have long been crystal-balled as the way of the future for automobile engine efficiency. Isuzu has travelled a long way down this road and has now produced the most encouraging progress to date. The COA-111, a high-ground clearance all-terrain sportscar, was the medium for displaying a high-performance high-efficiency engine using extensive ceramics technology.

Engine concept is a 1.6 litre DOHC four, not dissimilar to the current Japanese small-medium genre. But ceramics added to the combustion chambers, valves, exhaust and other components can eliminate cooling water and fans, and harness exhaust-heat energy to drive a turbocharger for more power. This is the direction Isuzu is going and it claims to be close to breakthrough in ceramic engine forms which would revolutionise engine efficiency.

The COA-111 uses extensive ceramics in its engine, which is mounted in a super-plastics body equipped with state-of-the-art transmission, suspension and traction aids, plus advanced electronic interior. It's important to remember that Isuzu, 30 percent owned by General Motors, is linked with Lotus, the world's leading

suspension development company.

Daihatsu's answer is a concept car on the minicar baseframe. Called the TA-X80 it goes under 0.25Cd in air efficiency which gives astounding performance and economy from its tiny one litre V6 engine! It employs advanced electronics to control engine power, transmission, steering, braking and traction aids, has self-monitoring service, and local area communication and navigation system (LADYNET) to connect vehicle to home and service bases.

The TA-X80 uses composite construction methods, clever styling, functional body features and smart interior package to achieve a concept that arguably redefines the limits of the one litre vehicle and strikes a blow for the economy end of the future shock business.

Two other well-known manufacturers in Australia are Mazda and Honda. Honda, which invested millions (some say the three-year bill comes to billions) in Formula One to showcase its engine technology, has turned away from the exotic space-age vehicle and instead aimed at inserting currently available advanced technology into its vehicle ranges (four-wheel steer, four-wheel drive etc). Far from suggesting complacency, it highlights a different direction in applied technology.

Mazda has found the middle ground.

Also injecting a lot of new-tech into its current ranges (4WD and 4WS are available on most domestic models), Mazda somewhat coyly interpreted the sporty car of the future in modular form — showing something called the MX-04 which could be instantly changed from funbuggy to exotic sporty by adaptive panels.

The last word may belong to Nissan, which actually got its Nissan Mid-4 sports car into virtual production mode, drove it on the test track, handed it over to selected (Japanese) press testers and fronted it as a real competitor for the Porsche 959/Ferrari Testarossa.

Utilising most of the engineering technology already described, but minus the advanced materials, electronics and communications hardware (sat-nav systems, drive-by-wire, radar cruise controls, IC card access/control etc), it is production-ready and could even be launched this year! The Japanese are being cute though, and have advanced the Nissan ARC-X in their priorities.

Whatever happens, the first full future-shock vehicles will see production out of Japan by 1990. The automotive game of Starwars Cars is basically the same — but the targets have advanced halfway down the videoscreen. Get ready to push the button on reality.

TYSON THE TERRIBLE (continued from page 42)

"I love that moment before the fight starts when you're scared and excited and you know it's time."

things about Tyson is that in loose clothes he looks pudgy. Somebody you might pick on in a bar. All right, that is not exactly all of it.

What is horrifying is the similarity to the movie *Alien*, where Sigourney Weaver and a bunch of ordinary guys are sitting around having lunch in space when all of a sudden one of them goes into convulsions and this awful thing eats its way out of his chest and leaves him lying there in his own plate.

I mean, you are just naturally terrified to find out somebody you think you know has something like that inside him.

And there is something like that inside Tyson, and he isn't the one who gets eaten.

Anyway, thoughts of pudgy disappear as he takes off his shirt. He is not the most muscular heavyweight I have seen, but there has never been one, at least to my knowledge, who carried so much muscle and could fight so long without seeming to tire.

A lot of that is conditioning, of course, but a lot of it is simply a gift, like speed or natural power.

Tyson covers his chest and arms in grease, and then slips into a black leotard. "I like this," he says. "It feels good."

I ask him then, while he's tying his boots, what it's like to grow up in the streets, get saved by Cus D'Amato and turned into a professional fighter, fight all the way to the top and knock out Trevor Berbick in two rounds for the title.

"There's always somebody wanting to tell you something about a fight they had, might go back to sixth grade," he says in that familiar soft voice. "I don't pay too much attention. Or they tell you how bad they were, but their mother made them stop boxing. I don't know what to say to somebody like that. I don't even know for sure what they want."

"I'm a serious person, but I don't take this [boxing] for more than it is. I like the fights themselves, I love that moment before it starts when you're scared and excited and you know it's time. The talk doesn't mean much. I'm not going to sit around telling anybody how bad I am, I'll do that in the ring."

"And when I'm through in the ring, that's it. I'll find something else. You've got such a short time, you know. You can't go around being the legendary champion because that's what people expect you to be."

That is one of the things that bothers Tyson about his celebrity, the obligations to people he does not know. "Society puts these things on you," he says. "Some of them are saying you are insensitive to be part of this brutality; they don't know the first

thing about who you are. At the same time, there's all these articulate people they look up to, and they're sitting in the best seats at the fights. What's that about?

"I do not see that I've got to be the focus of a bunch of bullshit. I do what I do. You will never hear anybody leaving this camp thinking anything bad about me. I don't try to hurt anybody in the gym, I leave the 16 ounce gloves on, even if somebody else is wearing 12s. I will always put myself at the disadvantage, that's when you learn."

"I have my fights, and people say things about them. About me. But you can't confuse that with what I am, and what I do. Fighting is all I do, but I'm something else beside the fighter."

And somehow that is at the core of things. Think of the heavyweights over the past 30 years: Patterson, who hid behind beards and sunglasses after Liston beat him, and never really quit hiding; Liston, dead from an overdose, probably murdered; Ali, the best and the brightest, fogged in and hanging around with Evel Knievel; Joe Frazier, who has never learned to live with his losses to Ali, sending his own kid into the ring with Larry Holmes, and then with Tyson, when the kid had no chance; Holmes, who never learned to live on the same planet with Ali and shows up now on television, playing three-lesson keyboard and singing songs to express "his feelings"; Leon Spinks.

Every one of them out of place in the world, because after the ring they had no place.

A few minutes later, Tyson's in the ring. The fighter with him is a new sparring partner, who has come in with his trainer. I do not know exactly what the fighter and his trainer have in mind for the afternoon, but as soon as they see that Tyson spars without headgear, the sparring partner removes his.

He begins the round moving to his left, away from Tyson's hook, throwing jabs. There is some feeling that Tyson is vulnerable to a fighter who moves and can jab, and the sparring partner is clearly here to take some rounds from the champion.

Fifteen seconds into the round, however, Tyson throws a jab of his own — it is not a slow punch, but it carries all his weight — and staggers the new sparring partner. The sparring partner is shocked, I am shocked. Tyson isn't supposed to have a jab.

The first fighter who took Tyson the distance, in fact, was a man named Quick Tillis, and Tyson went 10 rounds that night without throwing any jabs that I remember. If he had thrown jabs, Quick Tillis would not have been there at the end.

The hand is gone from the sparring

partner's face less than half a second when it returns, from the side — a hook, and then a right hand. A minute and a half into the round, the new sparring partner is holding his head, defenceless, and Tyson, not wanting to embarrass him, pulls his punches and holds, giving him time to recover, but the new sparring partner has lost interest, and Tyson stops altogether.

For the 10 or 15 seconds it takes the sparring partner to get through the ropes, Tyson ignores him. It is exactly as if he weren't there.

Another sparring partner comes into the ring, a good-natured journeyman heavyweight named Irish Mike Jameson, who goes the rest of that round, and two more. Jameson is not quick enough to make Tyson miss, but he takes a punch well and is not afraid to mix it up.

He is the kind of fighter who makes Tyson look unbeatable, which right now he may be. There is no one in the division who boxes well enough to keep him off, no one with enough power and speed to stand in one spot and trade.

Three times in his career — against Quick Tillis, Mitch Green and Bonecrusher Smith — he has been taken to a decision, but each of those opponents gave up on winning early (if they ever considered winning) and held on to Tyson the whole fight.

You cannot win like that, of course, but you get to live.

At least for now. It would seem to be only a matter of time before Tyson puts his jabs together in twos and threes, and then the days of hold and hang on are over. It is a harder proposition to hold on to someone who is a metre away, on the other side of a fist, than it is to hold someone who is standing under your chin, trying to reach your head with off-angle hooks. But I am willing to leave that end of things to Tyson and Rooney.

What I am more interested in is what happens after that.

Tyson is still a kid.

He seems to know things that 20-year-old kids shouldn't know, and some of that — most of it — comes from D'Amato.

In the end, though, you drive your own wagon. When the training and the fighting are over, when things are not clean-cut the way they are in the ring, and the old man's words are not so fresh, it will be easier then to talk about who Tyson is.

I know this much about it — there will be something to talk about.

Tyson is smart, he feels things, he has standards.

D'Amato did not teach him that, he helped him find it.

The old man was a visionary, and it did not begin or end with boxing. When he saw Tyson, I think he saw the heavyweight he had been waiting for all his life.

This was the one that would not break his heart.



Carol-Anne is a 20-year-old Dorset lass and former waitress who became a jetsetting Starbird.

THOSE BRASH AND BRITISH
Page 3 Curbs



In Merrie England, some 25 million tabloid readers, almost half the population, kick off the day with a nice reminder that the news ain't all bad. They check out the morning's topless models, a grand tradition in Britain since November 1970. That was when *The Sun*, the country's largest tabloid, published a bare-breasted pin-up of model Stephanie Rahn, thereby setting off a lively circulation war with *The Star* and *The Daily Mirror*, the UK's other major tabs. As with other newspaper wars on Fleet Street (the home of Britain's national press until the recent move by most

A modelling job led Maggie Longhurst, 19, (left and top right) to pose for a calendar, then a place in The Sun. Who spots her on the street? "The opposite sex."

Her Cockney accent cost Suzanne Mizzi (below right) a role in Dynasty, but the 19-year-old Londoner is touted as "Britain's prettiest pin-up". She drives a Mini convertible.





Maria Whittaker, 19, (lower left) would like to be Queen for a week "and marry 10 men at once". Her dad was a boxing champ and her favorite food is chicken kiev.

publications to a new industrial site), the "War Of The Nipples" offered up ribald fun, as well as a nice breather from the serious news. The noble tradition of the Page 3 Girl also travelled to Australia, thanks mainly to Rupert Murdoch, and a couple of local publications buy their breasts direct from the Brits. Not a few of the Page 3 Girls — so christened because that's the page where *The Sun* runs its morning lovelies — have gone on to modest fame and occasional fortune, the most celebrated being singer Samantha Fox. In the interest of Anglo-Australian relations, we picked our own favorites and had them photographed in a London studio exclusively for *Playboy*.

Jackie St Clair, 24, (top left and right) made her Page 3 debut in *The Sun* in 1984. Her secret: "I stuck out my chest, pulled in my stomach and arched my back."





Gail McKenna, 19, (left and top right) shows what took her straight to the top of Fleet Street's naughtiest newsmakers.

Karen Kelly (below right) debuted in the tabloids as a teenager. Now 22, she's a veteran page-brightener with a passion for cross-country riding and Grand Prix cars.



PERKINS

(continued from page 38)

The struggle has been too hard and too long. The only thing I crave is the dignity of death.

cattle off it or it's just a liability to you. Not all the cattle stations are a paying proposition so there's got to be a big injection of funds to make them productive, if not, then do something else with them to have them recognised just as lands for Aborigines to live on.

We've got to identify our resources and make them more productive and that's the next big stage in Aboriginal Affairs that we have to go for as an economic base.

PLAYBOY: You've also said that you regard Aborigines as the owners of this country. Now how do you explain that to an office worker sitting in Sydney who has just gone and bought himself a \$160,000 house. He's heavily mortgaged and you say that you really own his patch?

PERKINS: Yeah, what he's got to recognise is that nobody wants to take anything away from the average person or the person who wants to buy his house or his farm or a pastoral property. What we're saying is more symbolic than anything: there has to be recognition in the minds of white Australians that there were people here for 40 or 50,000 years before they came here, and they were Aborigines. Once that's recognised, that creates a basis for self-respect and a sense of how we can relate to each other, an acceptance of the past. And recognition of land prior to ownership is part of that psychology, the symbolism that must come into our relationship. At the moment whites think it's just dirty old blacks trying to grab land rights, whatever that is, instead of, these were the original owners, these are the descendants of the original owners, and therefore some due regard must be paid to them. We're not going to take anybody's property off them, but what we're saying is some arrangements will have to be made for compensation, recognition of customary law, recognition of Aboriginal languages, culture, sacred sites, sites of significance — and not to take anything away from them. A lot of white people get terrified for nothing and that's been the result of the mining industry's lobbying, particularly in Western Australia, and the stupid articles you've had in the papers, for example in the Northern Territory. Forget about those newspapers, they're on another globe: they're so right wing to the right wing of right wing. We've got to reorganise people to realise that Aboriginal Affairs doesn't mean taking things away from you, what it means is overcoming the disadvantage of Aboriginal people and recognising the right of Aboriginal people to say that prior ownership is here, is a thing that's correct. Sure

we're involved in money with programs and projects to get better health, employment and all that but that's really what compensation is. It's in fact operating through all the programs in the department's \$380 million budget. That's compensation for loss of land. What we're saying to white people more than anything is get a better relationship on the basis of this treaty we talk about. At the moment we have nothing to eyeball each other on — it's always looking down or looking up or with conflict. It should be eyeball to eyeball with self-respect — we respect them, they respect us. We've had a culture for 40,000 years, we've been here before, we'd like to share the land with you; and the white people answering, okay, you know that's wonderful, we respect that, let's work something out. And everybody's happy.

PLAYBOY: Will you be celebrating the Bicentennial?

PERKINS: 1988 means no more than 1989 to me and I've always said to the Aboriginal people, if you want to demonstrate, go and demonstrate, please yourself. But don't let's get hung up about the Bicentennial and put all our eggs in one basket and have a big demo and think that's the end of it. That's only a means to another end. And the other end is — what happens beyond 1988? Do we then all fall in a heap because the world didn't change? The world is not going to change because we demonstrate in 1988. It will only change if we're going to make it change, and we're going to go beyond '88 to '89, '91, '99 and so on. I'm worried about the next decade, not 1988. I'll celebrate a few little things — I'll go along and watch it, but I'm very sad about 1988.

PLAYBOY: Well, of course, there is one big change in '88 for you, with Joh Bjelke-Petersen now gone.

PERKINS: I think that's probably the greatest present that one could ever ask for. He should have stepped down years ago.

He's the greatest destroyer of democracy ever to enter any Parliament anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Now I just want to ask your comments on a few quotes you have made in the recent past. On the South African rugby situation you said, "Why don't they play at Auschwitz where they burned the Jews?" Was that a little over the top?

PERKINS: Rugby union is a sport unfortunately embedded in a racist system. It's controlled by the establishment. It's an elitist, class-conscious establishment sport and it's quite natural that it should be tied up with the powers that be in South Africa. There's more to life than the exercise of your particular sporting ambitions — it is like

playing sport on the graves of Auschwitz. We can do without them making a contribution to that country and it's just sad that it has to be rugby union people who are the ones who are constantly trying to establish an affiliation with South Africa which is unhealthy and not needed for us as Australians. We don't have to play them.

PLAYBOY: You've attacked some of the ethnic groups who've migrated to Australia. You said you'd like to deport wealthy Chinese because they're "greedy," and American blacks because "they're not good quality". What do you mean by this?

PERKINS: What I was meaning is that we're getting into this country some wealthy ethnic Chinese from these other countries. So why import them to take the wealth from this country? And they are taking it — they are buying up all the properties and so on. A lot of those people are ones who have been booted out of South-East Asia and they're coming here. Why have those Indians coming in from Fiji as well?

And my other remark, about those blacks. Well some of those blacks, the American show business types, ought to be deported. Some of those blacks have made statements of the worst kind against Aborigines, and I would actively seek their deportation. Why should they be here? We don't want people with those sort of views here. Calling all the Aboriginal people all the names under the sun. They should go back to Harlem or wherever where they're just one of a couple of million blacks and see how they feel. But they come out here and they big-note themselves among the whites, and the whites love it because they can paternalise. They can exercise their sort of racism on these show business types in the sense of saying, look, I'm associating with these famous blacks, so I'm pretty good. It's a symbiotic relationship. I just wish these sort of blacks would go away, leave the country. We should just allow Negroes here to live if they've been good.

PLAYBOY: One thing you said has surprised me: "I will be pleased to go to my grave just to get out of this country."

PERKINS: My life has been a most unhappy one. My only happiness has been through my family, my wife, my children. I suppose most people say that anyway. But to be an Aborigine, like I was, to be brought up on an Aboriginal reserve, couldn't hardly read or write, came through a boys' home, had to struggle all the time — the struggle has been too hard and too long and I've not enjoyed it. I have no sadness about leaving this earth, only my friends and my family, that's all. So it doesn't give me any sorrow. The only thing that I crave is the dignity of death. I don't think my life has been very good. I've never had great fulfilment in anything and it's just been hard going to be an Aborigine in this country. All of it's been unnecessary and that's the sad part about it.



BARNES

(continued from page 83)

As a band I think Midnight Oil are great, but I don't like politics and music all the time.

be there all the time to watch them grow.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is there any special way your US record company is trying to promote you?

BARNES: I don't think they really know how to promote me. I've tried to keep them off this Australia's Bruce Springsteen type of shit. Australia's John Cougar. They didn't start that. A DJ would say it or a journo would write it in one of his stories and then the record company would hear it and say: [raises voice] "Australia's Bruce Springsteen, that's it, yeah, that's the ticket, yeah" [laughs]. So I had a word with them about that and then tried to work out a decent publicity scheme of some sort.

Record companies think they can make an act what they want it to be.

9.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to do many interviews with the press.

BARNES: I haven't done much because I've been too busy. I don't like doing too much because they get you to do 20 in one day and you sit there and they come in one at a time and you say the same things or exaggerate or make up shit or whatever. It's best to do it like this, fresh.

The worst is radio where it tends to be fairly stylised, especially country radio. That's unbelievable.

I remember when Cold Chisel released *Circus Animals* [the band's fourth studio album, released in 1982], and we were in Alice Springs on a tour. I did an interview with the local radio station. And the guy said: "Right, we've got Jimmy Barnes from Cold Chisel. So Jim, is this your first album?" [laughs] and I just hung up on him.

10.

PLAYBOY: Over the past few years you've been learning Zen Do Kai [a form of karate]. Are you still keeping it up?

BARNES: I haven't for a while because I've been too busy, but my karate teacher, Noel, is coming on the road with me for this next tour. It's something I do to keep healthy. . . it's something I've wanted to do for years. I quite enjoy it. I mean, for my teacher it's a way of life. I'm not like that. For me singing is a way of life.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the Cold Chisel days?

BARNES: Ah. . . yeah. . . I miss the band sometimes. . . I miss the songs sometimes, and we've done some great gigs together. But I don't miss them anything outrageous. I

don't sit around and pine for it, you know? But I had a great time with Chisel. I'd love to do some stuff sometime.

12.

PLAYBOY: Increasingly in the '80s, bands are trying to mix music with politics. Do you think they mix?

BARNES: They obviously do for some people but they don't for me personally. I've said this for a long time — I think people need music for a release. If you're depressed and worried about issues, the last thing you want to do is put on a record and hear about it. You put on a record to forget your problems for a while. I do anyway. . . get out there for a while and have a good time.

I'm sure there are bands that can do it, like the Oils and U2 and bands like that. With the Oils, I'd have to go through all their issues one by one to say whether or not I agree with them, but I agree with most of the things they say. As a band I think they're fuckin' great, but I don't like politics and music all the time.

13.

PLAYBOY: Before you started your solo career, you said it was your intention to have a hard edge rockabilly-country rock band. But as time went on it was more a hard rock band. Is there any particular direction you are pursuing with this album?

BARNES: No, not really. I just want to make good rock'n'roll. It's the next step on from what I did on the last album and you just try to make it a bit better. I go off records after I've made them and never really go back on them. I still don't like most of the Cold Chisel records but there's nothing I can do about it.

14.

PLAYBOY: The common public perception is that musicians such as yourself are rolling in money.

BARNES: There's a hell of a lot of money spent. You make a lot of money from an album but people never realise how much it costs to make it. It seems the more money you make, the more you spend on production and the way you have to present yourself on stage.

I'd be in the top 10 in this country [in the money-making stakes] but I still find it hard.

15.

PLAYBOY: When the new album comes out, it's inevitable you'll be on the front covers of teen magazines. Do you feel comfortable with that?

BARNES: You get used to it. You feel a bit

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you get hassled a lot when you're in public?

BARNES: A little bit, not much. I just try and avoid it. Keep my head down and my collar up. I was in a restaurant the other day, had virtually just finished up dinner in this nice quiet Thai restaurant in Chinatown [Sydney] and bloody heaps of people started coming in asking for autographs. I mean, I was just having dinner and all these kids show up in a bloody restaurant. That's a bit of a pisser. You have to live with it.

17.

PLAYBOY: After you've given up singing how would you like to be remembered?

BARNES: Sounds like I'm going to croak any minute. . . Just as a rock'n'roller, I guess. Just as a good singer. When I stop singing I'd just like people to think I was a good singer.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

BARNES: I'm just always trying to improve, and I'm always listening to new stuff. My health has helped a lot in my singing these days. I mean, I used to smoke 60 cigarettes a day and stuff like that. And I always said it didn't affect me but I actually noticed about a year after I gave up my range started improving and I was getting more control. I guess I had a bigger lung capacity. It must help.

19.

PLAYBOY: What would you have done with your life if you couldn't sing?

BARNES: As little as possible [laughs]. I didn't really like work when I was young. I thought manual labor was fucked. I avoided work as much as possible. I probably would have worked in a factory or something. But I would have got ahead. I'm not the sort of person who likes to stay in one place. I'm pretty lucky though, so I would have had to see what turned up before deciding what to do.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've been blessed in some way that you can make a living out of singing, that you have a good voice?

BARNES: Definitely. I'm very lucky. I don't know what it is, whether you make it yourself or whether it's fate or whatever. I couldn't sing any better than some of my friends when I was 15. I guess I got a few lucky breaks and people helped me.



Alas, there are consequences of the lavish rat-food diet beyond its effect on rats.

either consciously and directly or otherwise, the suppliers will say, "You know, if this hits on Thursdays at 9pm we have a \$200m vehicle on our hands. If this goes into syndication, we're going to be able to look Aaron Spelling in the eye and not blink. The Network is really looking to attract a big audience, and The Network has liked shows like *All In The Family* and *The Jeffersons* in the past. So why should we take any chances? Let's go right down the centre of the bowling alley ourselves and give The Network the kind of show they won't have any trouble with. If we go too far out on a limb, they're going to go with someone who didn't."

When Joe Blowmovitz and his colleagues get together to read the scripts, they are all going to be thinking and their thoughts will be as follows: "You know, if we can just keep our jobs here at The Network for a little longer, we can eventually get to leave here and become major officials at the suppliers. That means that sooner or later, our little production company is going to get a *Cosby* or at least a *Mork And Mindy*, and if we do, we're going to be rich."

"So, as network executives, the last thing we want to do is send up to Grant Robertson any pilot that looks wacky and unusual. If we do that, Grant may well think that we're becoming too highbrow or too lowbrow on him, and next time there's a corporate reorg, we're going to be out — before we've had a chance to latch on to a great gig with a supplier."

"Let's be smart about this. Let's send him ones that are a tiny little bit new, but are really fairly similar to what's already worked. And, most certainly, let's send him scripts by writers who have had hits in the past and from production companies whose heads he plays tennis with at Riviera."

The reasoning has a perfectly sensible flip-side, too. "If we do send up something really different, and if Grant likes it and produces it and it's a dog in the ratings, we have no excuse when Grant says it was all our fault and we hypnotised him. That'll be our arses for sure."

A similar process operates when the pilot scripts get to the desk of Grant Robertson. He reads them carefully and then he thinks about them. Like any human being, he thinks about them primarily in reference to himself. What he thinks, purely and simply, is, "Some of these shows are fine and some are dogs. Of the ones that are fine, some of them are slightly offcentre, even if very slightly indeed. Others of them are perfectly oncentre, right down the middle of the same bowling alley that the suppliers were

worrying about. Of that group, some of them are made by producers and writers who already have successful shows on the air and with whom The Network likes to work."

"If I choose one or two of them to produce and try out on air, it just might work. On the other hand, if it does not work, the big bosses are going to come storming in to my office and start screaming that I gambled The Network's money on a long shot and that I should be out of here, bag and baggage, by 5pm."

"If I choose something safe and sane and conservative, I can stay here as long as I want. I can accumulate major stock options. When I leave, I can go to any supplier I like, on any terms I find interesting. Eventually, one of those suppliers is going to come up with another *ALF* or another *Facts Of Life*, which will be a flesh-eating monster in syndication, and I will retire rich at 55."

Just by staying at the roulette wheel long enough, you are virtually guaranteed to see your number come up on the wheel. All it takes to stay at the table is to get into the tiny world of TV production and network executive leadership. All that's necessary to get yourself kicked out of the casino is to get a reputation for picking oddball pilots. "You can't win if you're not at the table," said Joan Didion in *Play It As It Lays*. Staying in the game is everything in TV production, and you stay in the game by playing it safe. No showboating with intellectualoid premises, no trying comedy shows that actually make viewers think, no adventure shows that connect with daily life, nothing to make anybody else in the casino think that you're not with the program."

Now, television is made by human beings. The rules of television production — that there will be a huge traffic jam around the middle, the safe, the tried and the tired — are rules of human conduct, based on the rule of "me first and everything else way back there". But that rule, like all rules of human conduct, has exceptions which test it.

Occasionally, a human being comes along who is so creative, so confident, and so articulate that he convinces other human beings that their interest will be maximised by taking a chance on his concept. Norman Lear did it with his first line of shows about real human anger, fear, and weakness, starting with *All In The Family* and continuing with *Maude*, *The Jeffersons*, and his masterpiece, *Mary Hartman*. Those shows were enormous hits and laid the groundwork for a television empire. (Although, interestingly enough, those

shows were followed out of the Lear emporium by far more conventional, more orthodox shows like *Facts Of Life* and *One Day At A Time*, which were basically throwbacks to safer programming days. The power of the conventional, the normal, the safe money, was felt even by Norman Lear.)

But these were rare exceptions. As any writer, producer or network executive can see with his own eyes, for every guy who hit it big by trying something new, there are 50 or 100 living off their dividends, playing golf every day, who played it safe and wrote to the specifications of the commonplace. For every guy who tried something new and made it, there are a legion who tried something old and made it. The result is that now, 35 years into American network television, the man or woman who tries something new is rarer every year. After all, there is now a mountain of experience getting higher every year — that tells us that tried and true in Hollywood is tried and rich.

Alas, there are consequences of the lavish rat-food diet beyond its effect on the rats. First, after so many years of TV coming out safe, sane, and repetitive, the viewers get fed up. If they can, they turn off the TV. If they cannot, they turn to cable or to the VCR.

The size of the network audience drops, and its demographic quality deteriorates — both of which are already happening in a big way. Obviously, the first persons to decide they have had enough and cannot take it any longer will be the most educated, most intelligent watchers and they usually have the most money and are the ones sponsors want to reach. As they leave the network audience permanently, the networks get more and more panicky. They get more and more scared of doing something wrong. That means they get even more conservative in their program choices, circle the wagons a little more closely and take an even saner, safer route than before.

Now, eventually, inevitably, one might suspect that the sameness of TV, its flavor reminiscent of those gravies we all used to get in fifth grade that might have been anything but were the same on every food — fish, meat, lamb, carrots — will drive still more viewers away, and then one day, hey presto, the networks will no longer be the lavish feeding machines they now are. Then, when the feeding stops — at least the lavish feeding — we will get the real test of how right our psychiatrist was: whether the writers and producers keep pitching rehashes of *The Odd Couple* in dusty, empty corridors in deserted offices hung with calendars from five years ago. We will see whether the writers and producers keep pitching another version of *Mary Tyler Moore* until they simply keel over with their little Gucci loafers pointing into the air.

But that day is not here, and not even close. For now, the rat food is flowing like water and wine, the feedings are regular, and the jumping is fine.

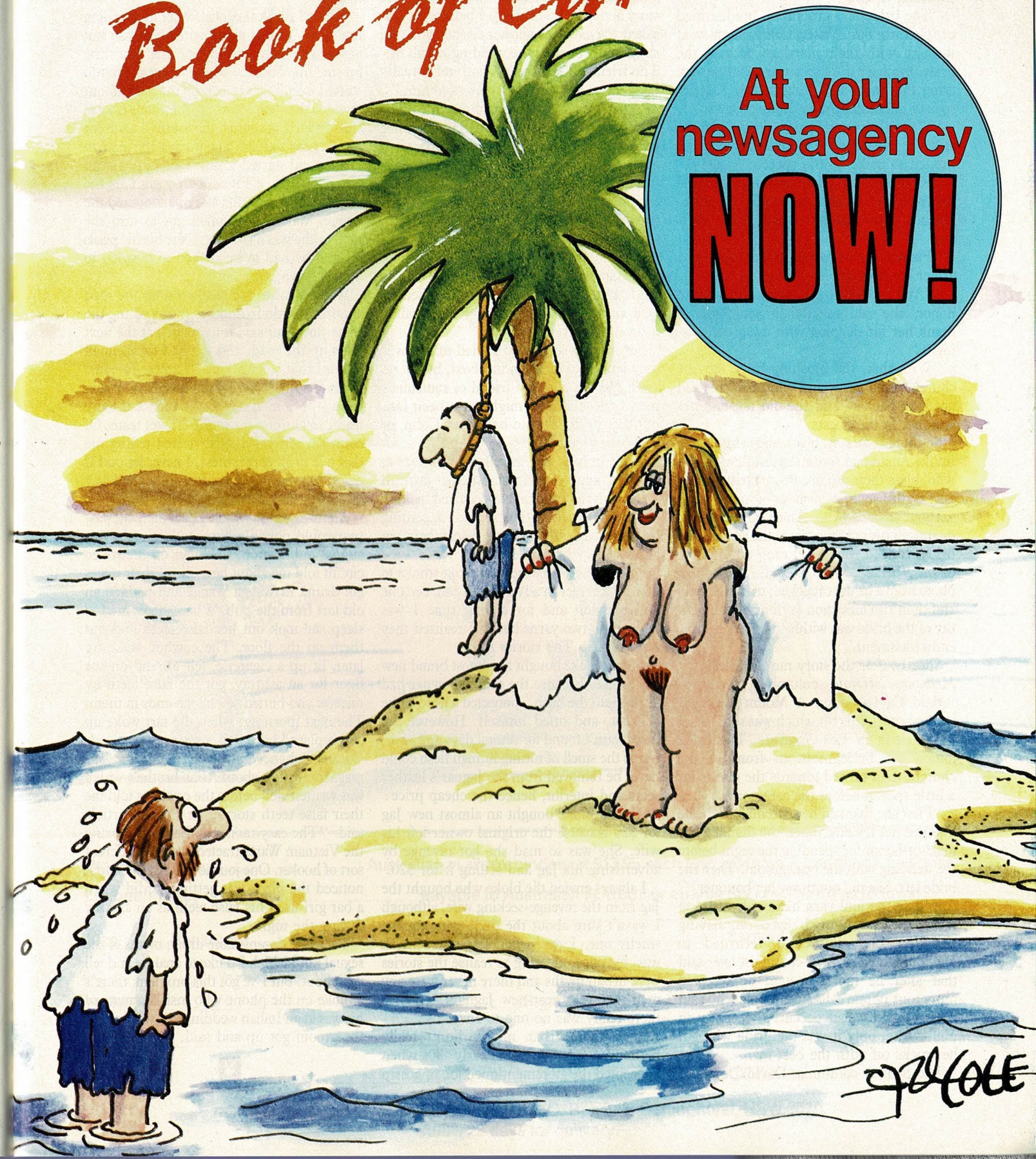


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Apocrypha *(continued from page 58)*

Urban myths, I now realise with hindsight, have been the bane of my life.

“Stunned wedding guests are still talking about a posh California ceremony that began as a happy event — but wound up with a shocking finale.

“The bride and groom, an unidentified couple from Simi Valley, Calif., never went through with their marriage because the bride revealed a little secret just as they were tying the knot, according to Los Angeles society columnist Mary Louise Oates.

“When the young bride walked down the aisle she whispered to the minister that she wanted to make a little speech.

“First she thanked her parents, then she thanked her friends for their devotion. Friends and relatives choked back their tears.

“Finally, the bride turned her attentions to her maid of honor.

“ ‘And I would like to thank the maid of honor,’ she said sweetly. ‘I would like to thank her for sleeping with my groom last night.’

"With that, the blushing bride left the church, amid gasps and whispers. She did not look back — and she did not toss her bouquet to the guests."

So there it was, in black and white. But, unlike Australian sensationalist newspapers who, bless their minuscule integrity, would never run such a yarn as a news story without names, the Americans had no qualms in running the tale of the anonymous bride. Indeed, the *News* even ran a photo of the “bride”. What they did was nick a photo from a bridal catalogue, mask the face, and then run a caption saying: “The identity of the bride was withheld to save her any embarrassment.”

Shortly after the story ran in America, a *Melbourne Herald* columnist reported: "Maid Of Dishonor. A Mount Waverley reader sent in this bit which was sent to her by a friend in Los Angeles. 'The bride joined the bridegroom in front of the church, then turned towards the guests for a little speech before the ceremony.

“First she thanked her parents. Then she thanked her friends. Then she thanked her maid-of-honor for spending the night before the wedding with the bridegroom. Then the bride left. She did not throw her bouquet.”

And so the foul yarn had come home to roost, the urban myth lived on, having travelled the globe and returned to Melbourne. The *Herald* columnist later said that after he ran that item he received numerous phone calls from locals who said a similar story had occurred recently in Melbourne, only it was the bride who got her rocks off with the best man.

obviously experienced difficulty with this myth and in June '85 he wrote about the story, calling it "The Italian Wedding Exit." Dale reported: "The first time I heard this story about 10 months ago I believed it and asked the caller to get her friend who had supposedly been at the wedding to call me. The friend, it transpired, had not actually been there. Someone at a party told him."

Urban myths, I now realise with hindsight, have been the bane of my life since I was a youngster. I lived in a country town and was told one day that there had been fun and games at the local drive-in on Saturday night. A bloke was with his girlfriend in a Mini Minor and they decided to screw. They both got their clothes off and went at it, but the bloke got his foot stuck in the glove box and the girl couldn't wriggle out from underneath. Finally they yelled for help and the fire brigade had to be called to free the guy's foot.

For months afterward I tried to discover the identity of the man involved, but to no avail. He was always a friend of someone's friend and his name might have been Ian, but then again it could have been Colin, or was it Bob? Or Fred?

Later in life, as I travelled from here to there, I kept coming across the yarn. It seems as if the incident has occurred in every Australian drive-in theatre and, according to American urban myth researchers, in almost every US drive-in.

Then, when I moved to the big smoke to take up a career in advertising, cars became an obsession and for a long time I was hooked on two yarns before I realised they were myths. The stories were:

1. How a bloke bought an almost brand new Jag for \$20 because the original owner had driven into the bush, connected a hose to the exhaust, and offed himself. However the body wasn't found for several days and afterwards the smell of rotting human flesh could never be removed from the Jaguar's leather seats and interior, hence the cheap price.

2. How a bloke bought an almost new Jag for \$20 because the original owner left his wife. She was so mad she got revenge by advertising his Jag and selling it for \$20.

I always envied the bloke who bought the Jag from the revenge-seeking wife, although I wasn't sure about the dude who got the smelly one. Later, when less innocent, it was, for once, pleasing to realise the stories were urban myths and there never were any men with \$20 near-new Jaguars — hence there really was no one to envy.

After that, urban myths didn't really bother me again until the early '80s when I accepted the aforementioned job of gossip

columnist for a salacious newspaper. At the beginning of that ignoble stint of employment almost every urban myth under the sun sucked me in — for a while. Then I became wily, and only occasionally would such zingers as the bride story sneak under my guard. I was quite pleased with myself when, on a search-and-destroy mission for stories in the hillbilly towns of the Snowy Mountains district, I came across a rural myth and immediately recognised it for what it was.

In fact I think the locals were just pulling my leg — I went along with their tale but never spent any time on it. The yarn first hit me in Tumut, where a local weirdo started bending my ear in the pub about how, in the next town up the road, a local slut decided to reward the football team for a good year's effort. She invited the team to line up and started to give every guy a head job. However, a bloke who wasn't in the team wanted in on the action and joined the queue. When the woman got to him she realised he was a ring-in so she bit his penis off and he had to be rushed to hospital to have it sewn back on.

When I got to the next town up the road another weirdo in another pub told me the same yarn, but said it happened at the next town up the road, and so on. I think in all I heard that story about 10 times. In some yarns the guy's penis was saved, in others it wasn't. Sometimes it was the local footy team, sometimes it was the cricket team. Of course whenever a local started telling me that tale in all earnestness, I never let on I'd heard it before. It was, after all, a good way of getting to know the natives.

Another myth which bedevilled me last year could possibly have its origins in this august publication. Cowboys on the rodeo circuit told me about how one of their mates got drunk in Wagga Wagga and bedded an old tart from the pub. When she wanted to sleep she took out her false teeth and put them on the floor. The cowboy woke up later, lit up a cigarette, felt around on the floor for an ashtray, got the false teeth by mistake and butted several fag-ends in them. The next morning, when the tart woke up and replaced her teeth, nastiness occurred.

Later I chanced on an *Australian Playboy* magazine article about Asian brothels which was written well before the cowboys told me their false teeth story. The *Playboy* article said: "The easy money in Bangkok during the Vietnam War attracted a totally different sort of hooker. One journo mate of mine first noticed the place was getting sordid when a bar girl used his false teeth as an ashtray during the night."

There are dozens more urban myths of the sexual kind which I'd like to analyse and tell you about, but I've got this problem: there's a bloke on the phone who insists a mate of his was at an Italian wedding last week when the groom got up and said. . .

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POL POT

(continued from page 54)

A person who so much as wept or screamed when a loved one was killed was as good as dead himself.

So it was that eight men ran the country after 1975 in a remarkably decentralised manner — probably one of the secrets to destabilising the population. Cambodia was divided into eight zones, which bore no relationship to her former provinces. A zone commander was assigned to each, supported by regional commanders and so on, down to leaders of the “solidarity groups” — several villages, something over a thousand people, combined for purposes of work production. Within each solidarity group there was an “action leader” who organised the work force, a “political leader” charged with “keeping everyone happy”, an “economics leader” for supplies, etc. These local leaders, chosen from among the Old People, enjoyed few discernible special privileges and worked along with the New People. The shrewdest and most loyal were chosen to be *kwang chhlop* or spies; young girls turned out to be the most effective. The Khmer Rouge soldiers and security forces themselves were not seen at the worksites and were never identified by personal names.

Psychological weaponry was exceptionally potent. “Property sacrifice” meant one gave up all of one’s belongings, including mental property. Holding on to the memory of loved ones eliminated as “enemies”, or to any former emotional possession for that matter, was construed as a dangerous disease, called, in effect, “memory sickness”.

Women’s hair was cut severely: all wore the red-checkered *krama* around their neck or head. Fierce egalitarianism dictated no distinction in dress for men, women, or children. People were required to work at least nine hours a day, every day. The three rest days in a month were set aside for large political meetings. Smaller group meetings were also compulsory several nights a week. The content was slogans and personal criticism; there was almost no political education or explanation of the regime’s purposes.

One of the few clear statements of economic policy by the Pol Pot regime appeared in 1976, in a state magazine:

City people do not know what farming is, do not know what a cow is, do not know what harvesting is. Now they know and understand. Our lesson’s subject is real work. . . . When we have the food, we will expand simultaneously into the learning of reading, writing and arithmetic.

The goal of the regime was to set up self-reliant worker groups of about a thousand people, each group producing a different crop or commodity. Over the next five years the plan projected that the groups would barter. But Khmer Rouge policies never

resulted in enough food to barter, and they never did begin the teaching of reading and writing.

Irrigation works took precedence over everything. In the Western Zone, there might be twenty thousand young people working on a dam; ten thousand more brought in mobile brigades to dig a canal through virgin forest. Few workers had enough rice to stay alive. Why this obsession with irrigation?

The Khmer Rouge leaders wanted to prove they were heirs to the great god-kings of Angkor, whose kingdom flourished from the seventh century until the 15th when, in its fullest efflorescence, the inhabitants abandoned its capital and their brilliant culture was swallowed by the jungle. As spectacular as were its kingdom’s cities of stone and vast sculpted walls, the real triumph of the civilisation had been its waterworks.

Pol Pot himself often spoke of building a new era “more glorious than Angkor”. He described his victory over Lon Nol in supernatural terms, as “a great success unknown before in the whole world”, and often referred to his goal of recovering Cambodia’s “lost territories”. By casting himself as the rightful descendant of Cambodia’s fabulous kings, Pol Pot was building a case for his own *barami* — greater merit owing to past lives of royal work or privilege.

How cruel the irony. Indeed, the grand irrigation system created by the Angkorean god-kings had become so large and elaborate that by the 14th century, the labor force could no longer maintain it. Sapped by the effort, the king’s men were not well trained as soldiers and were weakened by a series of wars. If Pol Pot’s clique had read to the end of their textbooks, they would have learned that Jayavaraman’s reign was the last burst of glory. “The demands of the water system proved to be a major factor contributing to the downfall of the Khmer state.” In the superficial scholarship of the Khmer Rouge lay the second destruction of Cambodia.

The captive population was kept in ignorance about policy, including the policy on executions. General orders were issued by the leaders in Phnom Penh to eliminate former government officers and bureaucrats and the “bourgeoisie enemies”. It was left to local party committees to finger the specific individuals. People simply disappeared. There was no arrest, no notice; the disappearances usually occurred at night.

Relatives were afraid to ask what had happened, knowing the local cadre would consider it a criticism. If group leaders were asked, they mostly lied. “Oh, your father

was sent away to another group to work.” In one zone, the euphemism for people who were taken to be killed was “They sent him to cut the bamboo.” Rumors would circulate, whispers about a killing overheard during the night, but because people also were moved summarily to another worksite as normal practice, no one knew for sure what a family member’s disappearance meant. The constant uncertainty was an effective means of spreading psychological destabilisation.

The whole purpose behind smashing family ties and scattering family members all over the country was to destroy the very old extended family tradition. When it became apparent to the leaders that one of the most important weapons of resistance was love, the Khmer Rouge stepped up punishments for its expression. Children were forced to watch discovered lovers beaten, mothers to watch babies tortured. Showing any sympathy for victims was punished; a person could be killed for shedding a tear.

The reality for middle and upper-class adults was unrelentingly grim. A survivor named Wing Song, formerly a product representative for a US tractor firm, described the dilemma facing parents:

To please the communists, so that they wouldn’t send your children too far away, so that children might come to visit the parents once in a while, some parents secretly offered their gold or diamonds, whatever they buried in the ground to keep. Even some pretty mothers offered their bodies for the leader. If they were caught, the chief and the mother were both destroyed.

A person who broke — who even so much as wept or screamed when a loved one was killed — was as good as dead himself. Jintana Lee, then the 13-year-old daughter of a major-general in the Lon Nol army, saw a Khmer Rouge leader lead her father to his death.

Months later, when her brother was taken away, Jintana put on an impassive face. But she could not persuade her adult sister to suspend reality long enough to save herself:

My sister run to tell me, “They just kill our brother! They kill our parents. Why don’t they kill me!” I try to tell her, “Quiet. Pretend.” But she keep screaming until the KR come. That’s it. She die.

Later, Jintana’s father’s killer presented himself to her, face to face, testing her, tormenting her: “What do you say about it?” he demanded. Nothing, she had nothing to say. Jintana looked blankly at the man and walked away.

The Khmer Rouge sanctioned killing one’s countrymen and identified the targets with slogans that had to be memorised, like prayers:

“Intellectuals are evil.”

“Whatever is impure must be cut out.”

The lust for blood was excited with songs whose lyrics were sometimes almost orgiastic, like *The Red Flag*:

Glittering red blood blankets the earth — blood

given up to liberate the people: blood of workers, peasants and intellectuals; blood of young men, Buddhist monks and girls. The blood swirls away, and flows upward, gently, into the sky, turning into a red, revolutionary flag.

Everywhere there were the “killing grounds”. A survivor, Arn Chorn, described one next to a former Buddhist temple in Battambang that had been turned into a shelter for orphans.

Every day they take people to the square at five-thirty and tell them to dig their graves. At six o’clock, they killed them. Most of the time by the axe, hitting on the back of the head. It sounds like banging a coconut, but harder. Sometimes they hit a person once, they not die. Okay, they bury them anyway. Children, 100. Bloody everywhere. Fifteen thousand people they say they kill in that place. The children, they live in fear all day, all night. Screaming in the darkness from nightmare. No sleep, even though they work very hard, carrying soil and rocks. . . .

The Khmer Rouge in my district play games. Two of them toss a baby back and forth until they drop it. A lot of time, they make the children watch the killing. You could not speak, not cry out. Just watch. The killing was right in front of me. My eyes saw, but my mind somewhere else. I didn’t feel anything. Everybody else was probably the same. My mind just worried about food. Sometimes I think, “If you give me one big bowl of rice, then you can kill me.”

The South-West Zone spawned the severest branch of Pol Pot’s leadership — the Nearat Dai. Much of the work of the Nearat Dai was to kill off the bourgeoisie. Survivors from the central provinces of the country report that the Khmer Rouge leaders in their region pursued a less drastic policy for remaking the society than the Nearat Dai. They, too, killed anyone who had served the Lon Nol government, but usually they refrained from executing the wives and children of the accused.

The Nearat Dai became the select. In nine separate purges over the course of the regime, the commander of a region and his lieutenants would be called to Phnom Penh and a whole new hierarchy, recruited from the Nearat Dai, would be sent to the region.

When it became evident that the Khmer Rouge regime was brutalising most of the people, why didn’t the people resist?

People were terrified and soon became too weak to attack. They knew they were going to be killed, and hoped only to die easily. So we just let them lead us by the nose, day by day, in hope we would die without torture.

An extract from *SPIRIT OF SURVIVAL* by Gail Sheehy. Copyright © Gail Sheehy 1986. Published by Bantam Press at \$29.95. All rights reserved.

ANCIENT AFFAIR (continued from page 95)

The Queen waves to me with her left hand, and with her right she waves her panties.

gaze lingers over me. I smile cordially and nonchalantly flex every muscle in my body. She pretends not to be impressed but I can hear her start to purr. “How would you like to move up in the world?” she says, undressing herself with my eyes. She and the Pharaoh climb back in the Rolls and depart in a cloud of dust.

Days pass. We pyramid builders move stones and sweat a lot. I can feel the muscles in my back getting stronger. The blood courses through my veins singing robust ethnic folk songs. From the porch of her condominium the Queen watches me through her refracting telescope. She waves to me with her left hand, and with her right hand she waves her panties. I feel a bond growing between us. Adrenalin shoots through me and I absent-mindedly lift a four-tonne block of limestone by myself. “Where do you want this, Max?” I ask the foreman.

“Quit fucking around,” says Max in an unusually expressive moment.

My friend Lenny can tell I’m in love, but he urges caution. “She’ll use you, chew you up, and spit you out,” warns Lenny.

“Those lips, those eyes, those nose,” I sigh in response.

Lenny shakes his head; this produces a rattling sound which attracts the attention of Max, who used to be percussionist for the Hop Tuit Jazz Ensemble. Max drums on Lenny’s back with a branch.

Days pass again. The Queen does not call. The pyramid climbs higher. “In 15 years you should have this baby finished,” laughs Max. His whip cracks. We groan and struggle, a chorus of pain and effort. In this endless labor we find neither hope nor satisfaction. We receive neither reward nor thanks. Gosh, I think, an affair with the Queen would be a swell change of pace.

My work output diminishes. Max threatens me with his new whip with the titanium handle. The fat beast of a man raises it high. “Do you have anything to say before being made an example of?” he asks.

“Yes,” I say. “Physicists tell us that all matter, even apparently solid objects, is mostly empty space. Take your head for instance, Max. To us it seems extremely dense. But at the atomic level it is merely a confusion of inscrutable particles whizzing about aimlessly and without purpose.”

Hundreds of men laugh. I laugh. Max laughs. Max decides I will be torn into pieces by unruly horses.

He fetches six powerful stallions and long cords of rope. I am stripped naked and forced to the ground. He ties my left wrist to Stiff Drink, facing east, my right wrist to Burning Sensations, facing north, my left

leg to Hot’n’Bothered, south, my right leg to Amazing Race, west. Then he ties my neck to Yo Momma, and my penis to Ringmaster. Max’s goons lead the horses outward until the ropes are taut. The restless animals shift and snort.

Max positions a blow torch behind each horse. Each torch connects by cable to a master control board where computer circuits ensure precision timing.

A substantial crowd gathers.

I prepare mentally, anticipating a Zen experience.

Max mans the control board, ready to scorch Equus bottom and rip me to bits. He sneers at me. “Whaddya think now, smart-arse!” he screams.

“Please,” I say, “let’s not spoil this moment with words.”

The Queen appears on her porch and blows me a kiss. She shrugs to indicate her inability to intervene. She weeps, and eats chocolates.

Max bellows like a madman and ignites the torches. The horses bolt. The crowd gasps.

The first five horses begin to overpower me, threatening to tear my head and limbs asunder. The sixth horse is no problem.

I concentrate. I gather my strength and contract all my muscles using the Martha Graham technique. The horses rage and tug. I survey my options: 1) keep pulling, 2) pray, 3) die.

I choose the first two.

I concert my efforts once again, and pray to the spirit of the Sphinx. The relentless horses seem to gain energy, and the horrible strain increases. But soon the Sphinx supplies me with a dose of her mystical cosmic power and an ethereal vision of the Queen wearing nothing but a smile. These invigorate me beyond words, and I pull with a renewed strength so great as to startle the stallions. Quickly the animals tire, to the crowd’s disbelief. I draw them in. The ropes slacken. The horses come to me, sniff, and lick my body, which I coated with sugar before the ordeal. The crowd cheers.

From my position on the ground the pyramid appears upside down. It looks good that way. I consider a career as an architect.

Max stomps toward me with a homicidal air, but the crowd descends and carries him off, censuring him for his insensitivity and slovenly appearance.

The Queen has fainted. I loosen my bonds, run across the desert, scale the wall, and leap on to her porch. I embrace her. She stirs. She undresses me with her eyes which is hardly necessary as I am naked.

Melisma, the Queen’s slave, appears on the porch. Immediately the Queen rebukes

me. I implore her. She re-rebukes me. Pretends to be in a huff. She slips me a note. The Queen scurries inside with Melisma close behind.

Only later, in private, do I open the note for the first time.

DARLING

Meet me in the bowels of the tomb of Farukka-Hoo-Nupi when the sundial strikes midnight. I will wear a disguise as necessary.

Ah, typical Egyptian chic, Farukka-Hoo's. All-night spot for the hot-to-trot. Ladies' night Tuesday: "Wiggle your womb in a happenin' tomb." Fun, depending on who you're with.

That night, I spend a full hour in front of the mirror deciding on a lincloth and matching necktie. Ready at last, I venture outside and hop on Moo, my faithful bovine. The sturdy steed conveys me across the warm desert sands. Together we gaze at the beautiful starry sky.

"The stars shine with extra brilliance tonight, eh, Moo?" I say.

"Moooo," she replies. That means yes. Two moos means no, three moos means maybe, four moos means sometimes, and so on, in increasing levels of syntactical and conceptual complexity, until by the time she reaches 600 moos she can discuss the gods, life, and the meaning of existence more intelligently than anyone I know. But six hundred moos — who has the patience?

She deposits me at Farukka-Hoo's. "I'll get home by myself, thanks," I say. Moo hears distant lowing. She smiles a cow smile and departs for a party of her own.

I climb through the long passageway and enter a smoke-filled tomb. The crowd, the music, the dancing, the neon greet me. The robe-check girl winks as I pass her. I scan the joint for the lean teen Queen.

I saunter to the bar. The bartender is new, strange: his face an ugly caricature with big nose and three-day beard, but his hands are smooth and delicate. "I'd like a lite beer in a heavy glass," I say. He stares at me unforgettingly. "What's with you?" I demand. The bartender peels back part of his face. A mask! The Queen! You ingenious lass! We laugh and touch our Captain Clever Club rings together.

We repair to deeper chambers. At last we are alone. The lights are low.

"Hold me," she says.

"I want to be an architect," I say.

"Kiss me," she says.

"Not until you take off that mask," I say.

She removes the offending facade. We kiss gently at first, then more gently. I like to start out kissing gently.

We kiss again. More passionate, more probing. Rah. My skin tingles. Her skin tingles. It's a feeling I can live with.

We pause. We sit and talk. We do not immediately indulge in a wild marathon of sexual abandon. I mean, is this the Queen I really want to have an affair with? Think

of the scandal: the headlines, the quarrels, my castration and execution; the Pharaoh will not be pleased. Perhaps I would be more fond of some other Queen.

She blesses my lips with another exquisite kiss, and I file away those negative thoughts in the drawer marked "Stupid Jerk."

I sit close to her so that our shoulders touch. "Tell me about you," I say.

She sighs. "I was 12," she says. "The Pharaoh won my liberty, my virginity, and the rights to my father's diamond mine in a game of seven-card stud."

"A mine is a terrible thing to waste," I say, covering my mouth.

She brushes her graceful hand across my sun-bronzed cheek. I brush my hand across her cheek. What communication.

"You're so gentle," she says, "and yet so strong. How do you do it?"

I've never thought about that. Is it genetics? A childhood of splitting logs bare-handed while listening to Bach? I find the question interesting, and am prevented from putting more thought into it only because the Queen has begun to take her clothes off. She rises and turns to face me. She takes her time. Each article that falls reveals tantalising curves that surpass in beauty any I have ever imagined.

I am mesmerised, trapped in observation mode. I feel a surge of passion as the blood leaves my brain and goes straight to my head. Finally she stands naked before me, hands on her hips, her weight evenly distributed in a proud, defiant stance. She smiles daringly, tosses her head back in a play of youth and exuberance, and shamelessly displays her delicious body. She runs her hands slowly from her shoulders to her firm breasts, across her ribcage and stomach, to the triangle of her downy pubic hair which she frames with her thumbs and index fingers as her hands come to rest on her pale inner thighs. She gazes deep into me. Her mouth quivers ever so slightly and she whispers:

"Now what do you wanna do?"

Her words are barely audible over the sound of my pulse.

The Queen and I spend the next three hours raising the roof, lowering the floor, and knocking out the walls. We act out our fantasies and share our secrets, making love in the way only a Queen and a blue-collar worker can.

At the end of the luscious hours we lie in a daze in each other's arms, wrapped in blankets and warm thoughts.

"I feel timeless," I say to her. "I feel blessed, transcendent, as though I have tapped a source of infinite energy and wisdom unrelated to the mundane world. Do you know what I mean, my love?"

She weighs my words thoughtfully. "I came nine times," she replies.

We hear a terrible pounding noise. Max the foreman breaks down the door and bursts in. He wields a giant sabre and slices

the air with unbelievable ferocity.

"When the Pharaoh finds out about this...!" yells Max.

"Get out of here, Max," I say, "you're spoiling the mood."

He lunges at me with the sabre. I jump aside, grab one of the blankets and hurl it over him like a net. I miss him completely; the blanket sails softly to the floor.

"So you're gonna play tough," says Max, sarcastically.

"You'd attack a naked, unarmed man, Max?"

"Yes!" he says.

He raises the sword and charges. I let loose the loudest scream I've ever heard, and counter-attack faster than Max can comprehend. My fists rain down on his face, I wrench the sword from his grasp, I throw him to the floor and kick him in the ribs. Standing over him, my foot on his chest, I hold the point of the sabre to his throat.

The Queen is impressed.

"Now what do you have to say, Max?" I ask.

Max spits straight up at my face, but he can't spit that far, and the gooey stuff falls back down and lands in his left eye.

Gravity strikes again.

The next day the Queen banishes Max before he can get word to the Pharaoh. She secures for me the position of apprentice to the court architect. I begin work on an inverted pyramid with sauna, weight room, indoor tennis courts, indoor golf course — for an afterlife of recreation and stunning good health.

The Queen and I contemplate running away together. But I enjoy being a court architect, and she enjoys being Queen of the most powerful and advanced civilisation on the planet, and those two jobs would be tough to land in the next country.

We contemplate murdering the Pharaoh and sliding him into that wonder-of-the-world crypt. But our hearts won't let us commit the dastardly act.

We contemplate calling the whole thing off and going back to our old roles. But then she brushes her hand across my cheek. And I brush my hand across her cheek. And we spend the night in a wild marathon of sexual abandon. Later, in the afterglow, we challenge each other intellectually by exchanging provocative viewpoints on great works of literature. If our discussion reaches a stalemate, we can invite Moo in to stimulate us with additional considerations.

Months pass. The old Pharaoh grows ill. Attended by nurses, physicians, and state-licensed spiritual consultants, he makes practically no demands on his wife.

The Queen and I are young. We have hope, health, and beautiful white teeth. And we have love. When we hold each other tight and dance the tango at Farukka-Hoo's, nothing else matters in the world.



PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

What's happening where and who's making it happen.

Compiled by Peter Olszewski



Getting Board

Sailboard riders — don't despair over the coming winter. Simply whack a set of wheels on your board and speed sail your way through the murky months. Speed sailing was invented 10 years ago by Frenchman Arnaud De Rosnay. He beat the winter blues by putting wheels on his sailboard and then crossed the Sahara Desert in 1978 to promote his invention. Rosnay disappeared some years later while adventuring in the China Sea, but his invention has taken off in Europe. Championships are held annually, the speed sails are now extremely swish (made of carbon and kevlar and able to attain speeds of 80 km/h); and the helmets worn during races have become an art form.

Americans are now picking up the sport and US sponsors are already pouring money into European championships. Speed sails have made sporadic appearances on Australian beaches, and championships could be the next big thing here. One enterprising character has already "sailed" a speedboard through Central Australia, much to the amazement of outback travellers.

GETTING AROUND



Take Me To Your Cleaners!

Remember recent rumors that the CIA had proved Colonel Gaddafi liked to dress up in drag? Okay. So too does his mad mate Ayatollah Khomeini, and here's the pictorial proof. Well, not really. This is just a stretch-of-the-imagination photo compilation by the weird Dutch artist Sohiez.



Cliffhanger: A Family Affair

The family that poses for pics together, sticks together. Here the John Swan-Jimmy Barnes family dutifully lines up for lensman George Cliff's camera. Family members are (l to r): sister Dot, young brother Alan, John Swan, younger sister Lisa, Jimmy Barnes, and singer sister Linda.



By George!

Poor old Boy George is still losing his cool, particularly with photographers. Lenswoman Margo Mitchell, 23, snapped him leaving fashionable Stringfellows nightclub in London. Boy George snapped, too, and rushed her. Margo thought he was going to break her camera, but he only wanted to lift her dress up. Boy George then ran off into the night, shouting: "It's tough at the top." The tough thing is the boy hasn't been at the top for a long time.

BACK ISSUES

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURES
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
JUNE '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	Dick Smith, Grant Kenny
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia
AUG '84	Sigrid Ortner	Richard Neville	Death Of A Blues Brother
OCT '84	Kirsten Ottlewski	Shirley Maclaine	Cocaine, Tom Carroll
NOV '84	Debi Johnson	Gerald Stone	Girls Of Melbourne
DEC '84	Roberta Vasquez	Viv Richards	Michael Edgley, Men's Rights
JAN '85	Lisa Maher	Paul McCartney	Joe Bugner, The Great Pine Gap Con Job
FEB '85	Connie Dachs	Geoffrey Blainey	Single Man's Guide To Asia, Playmate Bloopers
MAY '85	Cindy Brooks	Austen Tayshus	Mark Jackson, The Girls Of Sydney
JUN '85	Elizabeth Aguilar	Boy George	Rat Race Diet, Greg Evans
JUL '85	Britta Hoppe	John Button	How To Live With A Woman
AUG '85	Andrea Engel	John Laws	The Making Of An Oz Porn Movie
OCT '85	Yvonne Jaeger	Brian Toohey	Australia's First Grand Prix
NOV '85	Shirley-Jane Mercier	Niki Lauda	Jerry Hall, Rosanna Arquette
JAN '86	Regina Wild	Tony Greig	Australia's Best Bars
MAY '86	Linda Dubbeldeman	Angry Anderson	Joe Bugner, Roy Masters
JULY '86	Natalie Maline	Jack Brabham	Linda Evans, Boris Becker
NOV '86	Claudia Muller	Phil Collins	Shannon Long
DEC '86	Donna Edmondson	Craig Johnston	Money Market Whiz-Kids
JAN '87	Laurie Carr	John Brown	Sydney Sisters, Playboy's Guide To The Good Life
FEB '87	Heidi Fuller	Don Johnson	Marilyn Monroe
MAR '87	Julie Peterson	Wayne Gardner	Tom Cruise, Maxine Legroom
APR '87	Chantal Aarts	Lionel Richie	Stephanie Beacham, Pam Burridge
MAY '87	Anna Clark	Bob Ansett	Special 100th Issue Of Australian Playboy
JUNE '87	Claudia Kopacka	Ion Tiriac	Felicity Collins — Playmate Of The Year
JULY '87	Patricia Frans	Gordon Elliott	Grace Parr, Michael J. Fox, Jenilee Harrison
AUG '87	Desiree Brown	Norm Gallagher	Night Life In The Age Of Aids

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Getting Skinned

Dontcha just love human ingenuity? Making a fortune out of misfortune is the essence of being human, and the onset of AIDS has proven yet again that one man's fatality is another man's fiscal windfall.

Let's face it, AIDS has been a good money-spinner. Advertising copywriters have made a fortune out of it, and publishers haven't done too badly. Even Melbourne's media mega-mouth Derryn Hinch has decided to get his new publishing business rolling by whipping out a quickie AIDS book.

But surely the biggest profiteers from the new pestilence must be condom manufacturers. *Australian Playboy* (October 87) has already documented how the humble franger has become the hottest new act in town, but now condom manufacturers have really risen to the challenge by coming up with all sorts of new-fangled French letters. For example, the hot new item in London is the cocktail-flavored condom. Fancy a penis colada, darling?

But it doesn't end there. Designer condoms are just around the corner and all manner of manufacturers are incorporating condoms with their products. Another rage in London is a new Filofax which comes complete with a condom holder. The latest fad in California is the condom-in-a-fortune cookie. And yes, you buy a fortune cookie and inside it is a rubber with an appropriate legend, such as: "You are going to get lucky, be prepared."

New Yorkers are never slow to pick up a quick buck, so it's little surprise really that a New York clothing manufacturer, Mark J. Petracca, has come up with unisex Safety Shorts. These are button-fly boxer undies that feature a tiny pocket on the waistband containing a single



condom. Petracca flogs his odd undies through retail stores but has also recruited college students to sell direct on campus.

He's been criticised for exploiting AIDS, but he's got all the answers. He says: "Some people suggest it's horrible for me to be cashing in on such an awful thing. But I think it's an alternative, a humorous way to enlighten people." You betcha.

Australian distributors are already lining up for the cocktail condom and condom Filofax agencies, and it's a fair bet the Safety Shorts will make an appearance here soon. But I'm not waiting around. See, I've designed this condom dispenser which sits in a car cigarette lighter socket. They're great for winter — they come out pre-warmed. I'm sure this winner will ensure that none of my future cheques are of the rubber variety.

Getting List

The 10 types of men most ridiculed during "toxic conversations" at Darwin hen parties. List compiled by Debra Hedger.

1. Men who wear gaudy and unwashed jocks under designer jeans.
2. Men whose idea of a French kiss is reading a travel magazine and slurping from a can.
3. Men who insist a woman showers after sex — and then make her lie on the wet spot when she returns to bed.
4. Men who make ornaments out of their beer gut, and use their belly button to hold the salt while eating celery.
5. Men who insist that masturbation is the better option because they don't have to get dressed up and it's free.
6. Men who create a storm in a teacup by farting at the dinner table and blaming their female companions.
7. Men who smoke three packets of cigarettes a day and then ask a woman to lick their fingers because they find it erotic.
8. Men who call a woman by a guy's name in the middle of making love.
9. Men who have such large egos that they cut their toenails on the kitchen floor and ask their women to preserve them in a locket around their necks.
10. Men with huge egos... and nothing else as large.

Next Month

GREG NORMAN: IS THE GREAT WHITE SHARK ABOUT TO ASSUME THE MANTLE AS GOLF'S UNDISPUTED ALL-TIME CHAMP?

MEET **MAREE:** SHE WANTS TO BE AN ARMY CAPTAIN AND MAKE THE PRIVATES STAND TO ATTENTION.



Maree

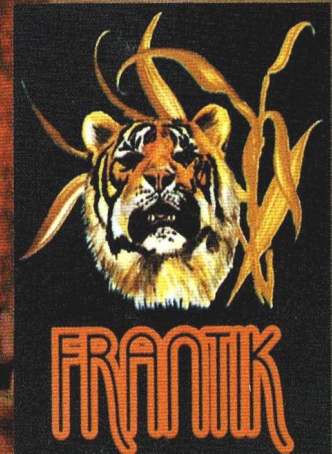
BIG BAD BRUCE: RSL MEGA-MOUTH **BRUCE RUXTON** LASHES OUT AT JUST ABOUT EVERYONE IN THIS EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW.

BYE BYE YUPPIES? THE MARKET HAS CRASHED AND YUPPIES ARE HURTING, BUT THERE IS SOME HOPE FOR THE WELL-INFORMED.

THE REAL OLIVER NORTH: OLLIE'S FORMER MARINE MATES DECLARE HE'S NOT THE FOLK HERO AMERICANS THOUGHT.



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